

GORDON

in the

Great Woods



by
Sara Cone Bryant
Author of
"How to Tell Stories to Children"

GORDON IN THE GREAT WOODS

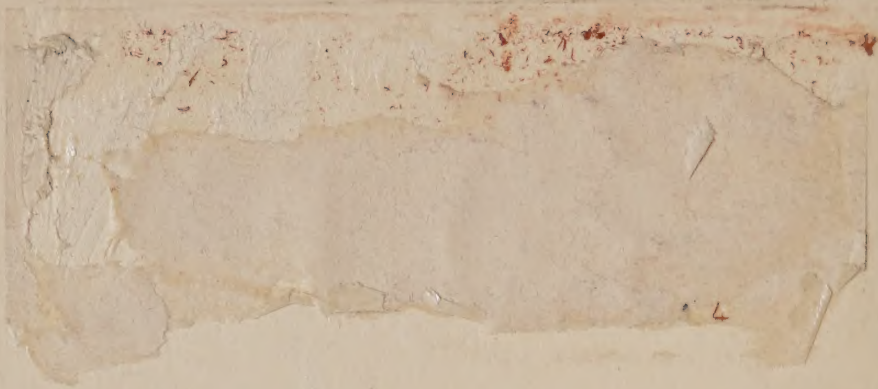
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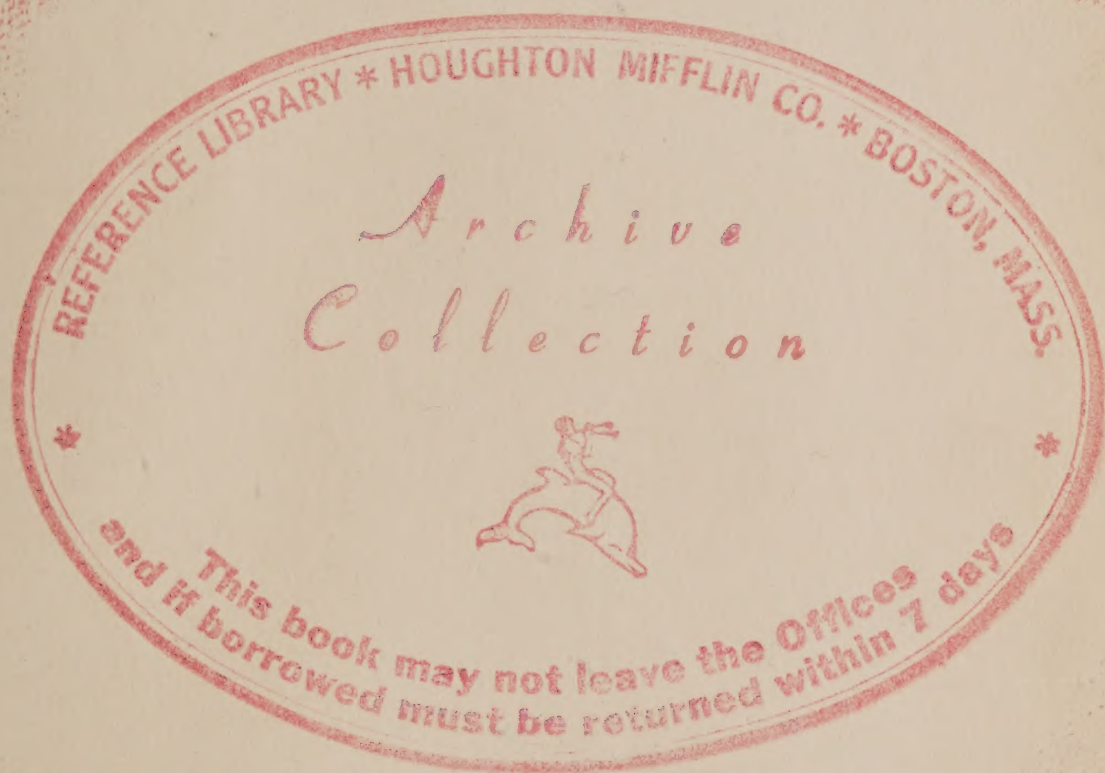
FOLLOWING the great success of the two earlier books about Gordon, 'Gordon' and 'Gordon and His Friends,' Sara Cone Bryant has written another group of tales about this interesting boy and his adventures. It tells all about the things Gordon found in the Great Woods, and, in addition to its charm as a story, it is valuable for young readers because of its store of information skillfully and entertainingly conveyed. Illustrated in color by Virginia Grilley.

GORDON IN THE GREAT WOODS



SARA CONE BRYANT





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IN THE GREAT WOODS

By
SARA CONE BRYANT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
VIRGINIA GRILLEY



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°°Morning in the Woods°°

GORDON IN THE GREAT WOODS

I

MORNING IN THE WOODS

GORDON woke up in CAMP. Something waked him. It was a scrambling sound over his head, on the roof of the log cabin.

Scramble, rush, s-c-r-amble!

Then short sharp barks, like the barks Bruno made, at home. Then the chatter of a scolding squirrel. Chatter, chatter, chatter!

Gordon turned his head. Across the room, by the other window, Dick was turning his head.

“What is it?” asked Gordon.

“Let us see,” said Dick softly.

One door of the room opened onto a small porch. Another door opened into the room where Mother and Father were sleeping. Each bedroom had its own door opening onto the porch.

Dick and Gordon got out of bed and put on their soft leather slippers. They opened the door onto the porch, and stole out.

The sun was making flashes on the quiet lake water just below the high bank where the cabin stood. Sunbeams shone pleasantly through the red pine trees and the white birch trees, on the bank.

A small brown dog with curly hair was standing on the bank close to the cabin. His nose was pointed upward, and he was barking short sharp barks.

On the top branch of the nearest red pine tree sat a little squirrel. He held his paws on his chest, like a person with folded arms. He was looking at the excited brown dog in the most provoking way. He looked as if he were saying, "Come and get me if you can!"

"What a dandy little dog," said Dick. "What is your name, you little Brownie?"

When Dick said "Brownie," the little brown dog stopped barking. He looked at

Dick with his bright eyes, and wagged his tail.

“Brownie, Brownie,” said Gordon. “Come here, Brownie.”

The little brown dog came at once. He stood quietly while the boys petted him. Then he kissed Gordon’s cheek. Then he gave one or two more short barks at the squirrel, as if to say, “That will do for you.” After that he lay down on the porch in a contented way and waited to see what his new friends were going to do.

“Oh, I love him,” said Gordon to Dick. “I think his name really is Brownie, don’t you, Dick?”

“It ought to be, anyway!” said Dick.

Gordon sniffed. “What is the nice smell, Dickie?” he asked.

“Pines, I think,” said Dick. “Isn’t it good?”

“Is it, maybe, a fir-balsam pillow, like the one Mother had at Christmas?” asked Gordon, sniffing again.

Dick looked all around. At one side of

the cabin was grass. On the other side was the edge of the woods. A footpath led away through the woods to more cabins.

“Maybe some of those trees are fir-balsams,” he said. “Or perhaps the smell comes from sweet-fern.”

Just then Daddy came out of his door. He was all dressed. He said: “It is the smell of the great woods, boys. It is made of clean air blowing over miles and miles of fresh water, and across miles and miles of forest. Fir and pine and birch and beech make some of it. Sweet-fern and blueberry make some of it. But all together it is just the smell of the woods. And it is going to make Gordon well.”

“It is going to make me hungry,” said Gordon suddenly, as he reached up to kiss Daddy.

Daddy looked pleased. “Good enough,” he said. “Then we must hurry to dress before the breakfast horn sounds.”

Daddy and Dick took big pitchers down to the lake and filled them with clean water.

Dick and Gordon washed their faces and hands and brushed their teeth.

By the time they were dressed, Mother was on the porch, saying, "Well, little brown dog, do you live here, too?"

Gordon hurried to kiss Mother.

"Oh, Mother," he said, "I like it here. Have you smelled the smell of the great woods yet?"

"Yes, darling," said Mother. She drew a long, long breath. "I have smelled it ever since I woke up. It is making me feel happy and hungry."

"Me too," said Gordon.

"There is the horn," said Dick.

They listened. Yes, some one was blowing a horn, a clear, gay sound in the quiet morning.

"Breakfast," said Daddy. "Come on, all of you."

II

BROOK TROUT FOR BREAKFAST

MOTHER and Father and Dick and Gordon went across the clearing, by the worn footpath, to the big cabin, for breakfast. Other families were coming from other small cabins.

In the dining room of the big log cabin a wood fire was burning in the stone fireplace. It was such a large fireplace that Gordon could have stood up in it.

Four long tables were set for breakfast, and some people were already eating. At their table the Halls found some old friends. They had come to Camp at the same time, on purpose to be together. Their names were Mr. and Mrs. Wingate, Ted Wingate and Bunny Wingate. Ted Wingate was a young man, Bunny was just right for Dick to play with.

Gordon looked all around the dining room, but he did not see any playmate for himself. He was the smallest person there. But

Gordon did not care at all. He felt sure that he was going to have a good time at Camp. Everything was so new to him, so very, very interesting!

As the people came into the dining room each one said "Good morning."

"Who are they?" whispered Gordon to Mother.

"I do not know, dear," said Mother quietly. "At Camp we all speak to each other. In the woods we try to be friendly."

Gordon liked that. It was not at all like the hotels on the journey.

It was much nicer.

After Dick and Gordon had eaten their cereal they were surprised to see the waitress bringing a platter of fish. They had expected eggs, because they usually had eggs at home. The waitress was smiling as if she thought she had a pleasant surprise for them.

Mother and Father said, "Brook trout! What beauties! What kind fisherman has given us these?"

An elderly gentleman at the next table looked over and said, "With my compliments to the little boy who has had whooping cough. I hope he will have an appetite."



"Thank you, very much," said Gordon. "I am sure I shall like them, they look so pretty."

"You are very kind," said Daddy to the gentleman. "And I think by the size of the platter we can all share the appetite."

There were four of the little brook trout

on the platter, each one as long as Daddy's hand, one little brook trout for each of the family.

Dick and Gordon had never seen a brook trout.

"Mother, they are pink!" said Dick.

"Yes," said Mother. "Brook trout are very attractive."

By this time each plate had a pink trout on it, with a slice of crisp curly bacon. It tasted very good indeed. Gordon ate every bit of his breakfast. Mother showed Gordon how to take the nice pink fish away from the little bones.

III

A NEW FRIEND FOR GORDON

AFTER breakfast Daddy said, "Now Mother and I have a surprise for you boys. We have engaged a guide for you and you are going out in a canoe."

Dick said, "Oh, Daddy!"

"What is a guide, Daddy?" asked Gordon.

"This guide is a very fine young man," answered Daddy. "He is an old friend of mine. He knows all about canoes, and fish, and the ways of the woods. He has promised to take care of you boys and teach you all he can. But remember, you must do exactly what he tells you, always. And you must always obey him at once. That is the law of the woods."

While Daddy was speaking, they were all walking out on the wide veranda of the club house. A tall, slight young man, dressed in khaki flannels, was standing at the end



of the veranda. He had a pack-basket strapped on his shoulders. He came forward.

"Gilbert," said Mr. Hall, "these are my

boys, Dick and Gordon. Boys, this is Gilbert Boyd."

Dick held out his hand. Gilbert shook hands with him. Then Gilbert and Gordon shook hands.

Both boys looked hard into Gilbert's eyes. And that very minute they liked him. Gilbert's eyes were the clearest, steadiest eyes you could think of, and they had a friendly look. His mouth, too, was a friendly, steady mouth.

Yet, as he looked at Gilbert, Dick thought, "Dad did not need to tell us to mind him; I should not dare to do anything else."

Mrs. Hall was talking to another tall man in brown flannels. She had spoken to Gilbert. Now Daddy said, "Boys, I want you to know our guide, too. This is Peter."

Peter was an Indian! Both boys were so surprised that they almost forgot to shake hands. But they did shake hands, looking very hard at the dark Indian face, which smiled at them broadly.

Peter was very, very big, and very, very

straight, and rather old. He spoke very little. The boys liked him, too, though not so well as Gilbert. They felt more at home with Gilbert.

“Going to get some salmon to-day, Peter?” asked Father.

Peter wrinkled up his eyes. His dark face looked mysterious.

“M’m’m,” he said. “Plenty salmon to-day. Mis’ Hall, she get, maybe.”

Mother laughed. “If Peter says we get salmon, we do get salmon,” she said. “I believe the fish tell him where they mean to spend the day.”

“But Mother,” said Dick, suddenly, “I thought salmon came from the ocean! Aren’t salmon big, deep-sea fish?”

“Oh, yes,” said Mother, “but there are fresh-water salmon too. Fresh-water salmon are found in the lakes. ‘Lake salmon’ we call them. They are much smaller than the salmon of the sea, and they taste different. But they have the same wonderful salmon-pink color. Wait till you see them.”

“Oh,” said Dick. “Well, I hope you will catch one.”

The Wingate family were all starting off for a day on the lake. They also had two guides. The grown-up people talked a little together.

Gordon did not hear anything the grown-up people said. He was walking along beside Gilbert, taking a hop-and-jump every few steps. Dick was keeping up with Gilbert by taking long strides.

Gordon thought it was strange that Gilbert did not seem to hurry; he seemed to be walking slowly, but he moved so fast!

Gordon looked around at Mother and Father, walking with Indian Peter. It was the same with them. Peter moved smoothly and quietly like Gilbert; but Father and Mother had to walk fast to keep up with him.

Gordon thought a wise thought. He thought, “Maybe that is the woods way of walking.”

Gordon was right. It was the woods way

of walking. Most men who have lived in the woods and who know the animals and the forest well, walk without haste, and softly; yet they go far in a short time.

IV

IN A "TIPPY-CANOE"

Now Dick and Gordon were down by the lake. A beautiful canoe lay upside down on the grass. Gilbert slipped his pack-basket from his shoulders and laid it on the wharf. Then he turned the canoe over, and pulled it gently but swiftly into the water.

When the canoe was floating, he turned it around, so that it came alongside the little wharf.

Dick and Gordon watched him with startled eyes. It did seem strange that he could move the big canoe so easily and so fast, never scratching it or bumping it.

"Is that your canoe, Gilbert?" asked Dick.

"Yes," said Gilbert, "she is mine. Can you paddle, Dick?"

"No," said Dick, "but I should like to learn if you will let me try."

"Me, too?" asked Gordon eagerly. "I want to learn."

“You shall, Gordon,” said Gilbert. “You will be quite a paddler in three weeks. But we will start with Dick, to-day.”

It did not even come into Gordon’s mind to say, “Why not start with me, to-day?” He wanted to do just what Gilbert said. He felt perfectly sure that Gilbert would keep his promise to let him learn later.

“Hold the canoe, will you, Dick?” said Gilbert.

Dick knelt down and held the side of the canoe, as he had seen Gilbert do.

Gilbert put the pack carefully into the canoe. He brought two small seat-backs and some brown cushions from the grass. They had been under the canoe. He put one seat-back in the middle of the canoe, and one in the bow. He laid the cushions against the seat-backs. This made two fine soft chairs for somebody. Then Gilbert laid the paddles in the canoe.

“Now, Gordon,” he said, “step in the middle of the canoe and sit down on the cushions. You are to sit here.”

Gordon stepped carefully and sat down carefully.

“That is right,” said Gilbert. “Now see how still you can sit. A canoe will do anything for you if you use it right. Always step in the middle and move gently. Sit in the middle and sit quiet.”

“You sit in the bow,” said Gilbert to Dick. “I will paddle till we cross the lake.”

Dick stepped carefully in the middle of the canoe and sat down carefully in front of Gordon.

“Will the canoe tip over?” asked Gordon.

“No, indeed,” said Gilbert. “You could tip a canoe over by jumping up quickly and falling on the edge of it, so that all the weight came suddenly on one side. Canoes have no keel, you know; they are smooth on the bottom. But so long as you stay in the middle and move gently, the canoe will never tip. I have never tipped over in a canoe in my life.”

Now Gilbert swung Dick's end of the canoe out away from the wharf. He stepped

into the other end, at the same time pushing with one foot against the wharf.

The canoe glided out on the lake. Gilbert sat down and took the paddle in his hands; then he dipped the blade of his paddle into the water with a strong stroke.



Gilbert was sitting on a small seat, in the stern. He hardly moved his body at all; only his strong arms moved as he drove the

paddle blade into the water, pushed it back and lifted it again. The strokes were so quiet that they made only a "swish."

The strokes were slow and even, but the canoe moved out across the water like a duck swimming. Gordon heard the gurgling of the water under the canoe. He saw the ripples stretching away like a fan.

It was wonderful. Never had the boys been down so close to the water. Never had they moved over the water so smoothly, so quietly.

Dick sat facing Gilbert, and he watched every motion Gilbert made. He wanted to learn to paddle. So he watched carefully.

Gordon sat facing Dick. But he did not look at Dick. He looked at the water. There were no waves. The water was as clear as glass.

At first Gordon could see the brown bottom of the lake, only a few inches down. Some sticks and logs were lying there. Many tiny fishes darted about, running away from

the canoe. They were not bigger than Gordon's thumb nail.

Soon the water grew deeper, and then Gordon could not see the bottom any longer. He looked at the shores. Such pretty shores! Great trees came down to the water's edge, as far as he could see. The only grassy spot was around the Camp, behind him.

In some places there were hills behind the shores. The trees went up, and up, in banks, to the very top. In one place, far away, a blue mountain stood up against the sky, behind the green hills.

"This is a very pleasant lake," said Gordon softly.

"That is its name," said Gilbert, "Pleasant Lake. You see it is well named."

"Yes, indeed, I think so," said Gordon.

"There go Mother and Father," said Dick. "They are just starting with Peter."

Gordon looked around. But he remembered to sit still and move gently; he turned only his head.

He saw Mother and Father. He saw Gil-

bert too. Gilbert was watching him. Gordon felt that Gilbert was taking care of him. Gordon thought, “If I had moved too much, Gilbert would have stopped me.”

V

THE LOON RACE

ON they went, over the wide, wide water, gliding along in a lovely stillness. Soon they were far out on the lake.

Suddenly a strange wild call rang out on the quiet water. High and loud it was; very startling. Before Dick and Gordon could ask, "What is that," it came again and again. It was something like the "oohoo" that boys call to each other, and something like a very high, loud laugh.

"Look, boys!" said Gilbert. "Look to the right! There is a flock of loons!"

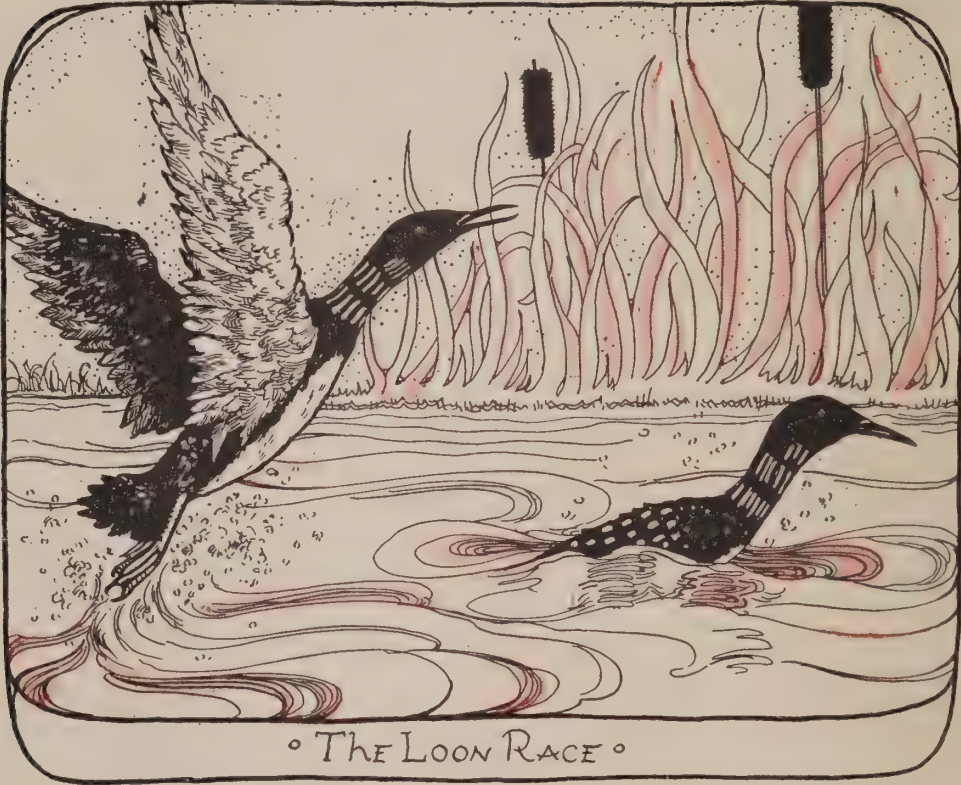
The boys looked. On the water, rather far away, floated some large dark birds like the ducks on the ponds at home. Their heads, held straight up on their long necks, looked like balls on little posts, sticking out of the water.

The wild calls began again.

"Don't make any noise," said Gilbert. "We will get close to them. They are in

high feather to-day; perhaps we shall see a loon race!"

Gordon was excited. He wanted to ask questions. But he did not. He kept still and watched. So did Dick.



° THE LOON RACE °

Now Gilbert dipped his paddle so quietly in the water that there was not even a swish. The canoe moved swiftly over the water till it was close to the loons. Then Gilbert held the paddle across his knees, and they floated silently, silently.

The loons paid no attention to the canoe.

They called and laughed, and wheeled about in the water like a crowd of boys in the school yard.

All at once, four of the loons rose from the water and flew high overhead. They did not go far, but turned in a big circle and flew down again, at a long slant.

When they struck the water, they rushed along the surface faster than an express train. They seemed to be half swimming, half flying. The sound of their paddling was like the humming of an airplane engine. It was most astonishing.

“My goodness!” whispered Dick.

Gordon’s eyes were round as saucers.

The four loons raced through the water for quite a distance with a whirring, strumming sound like an airplane engine. Then suddenly they dived!

There was not a sign of them. Minutes went by, and no sign of the big birds.

Suddenly they appeared, far from where they went down. They had been swimming under water.

Now the calling and hooting and laughing began again, wild and high. Some more loons rose out of the water, circled, and came down at a long slant. They also made a rush through the water, half swimming, half flying. How they swam! Such a swashing and humming rush through the water!

“They go as fast as a hydroplane,” whispered Dick. “I have seen hydroplane races.”

“What are they doing?” whispered Gordon.

“Sh!” said Gilbert.

Three times the loons made their wonderful, half swimming, half flying dash, with wild callings and cries from those which were not swimming. The bodies of the loons seemed to shoot over the water without effort. But their paddling feet made a wake of foam. It was so exciting to see that Gordon began to laugh and to clap his hands softly together.

Perhaps the loons heard, or perhaps they

had finished anyway. Quite suddenly they all disappeared. Every one had dived below the surface. Not a call sounded, not a head was seen sticking up like a ball on a little post above the water.

The boys looked everywhere.

Gilbert said, "They always come up a long way off. Look far away."

"There!" cried Dick, pointing.

One, two, three, dark spots bobbed up, far to the right.

"There, too!" exclaimed Gordon, pointing straight ahead. All the other loons were bobbing up there.

"My, but they can swim under water!" said Dick.

"You boys are lucky," said Gilbert. "Lots of folks stay here a month and never see a loon race. Some folks say there is no such thing. But the loons do it every once in a while."

"What do they do it for?" asked Dick. "Is anything chasing them?"

"Well," said Gilbert, "there is a famous

naturalist who comes here; he says they are running races, for fun. He says they play, just the way boys and girls play. But some other naturalists say he is wrong. They say animals don't play."

"What do you think about it, Gilbert?" asked Dick. "You must have seen the loons oftener than the naturalists have."

Gilbert smiled a merry smile. "What did it look like to you?" he asked.

"Looked 'zackly like a race to me," said Gordon positively.

"It seems to me the loons were not chasing anything," said Dick thoughtfully, "because they made so much noise. And certainly nothing was chasing them. It did look and sound just as if they were having fun, trying to see who could go fastest and stay under water longest."

Gilbert looked pleased. "It looks like that to me, too," he said. "I agree with the naturalist that the loons have races. They hold a kind of field day, I think."

“Do you know the naturalist?” asked Dick.

“Yes,” said Gilbert. “I guide him when he stays here. He is a very interesting man.”

VI

CARRYING THE CANOE AT THE "CARRY"
STILL talking about the loons, the boys enjoyed the rest of the trip across the lake.

Now they came to the shore farthest from Camp. Gilbert had paddled three miles, but to the boys it had seemed only a little way.

There was a small sandy beach here, on which they landed smoothly.

"This is what we call a 'carry,'" said Gilbert. "Would you like to carry the pack, Dick?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dick, and Gilbert helped him put the pack-basket on his shoulders. He gave Dick the paddles also. "I know Gordon wants to carry the cushions," said Gilbert.

Gordon picked up the seat-backs and the cushions with a manly air.

"How do we carry the canoe?" asked Dick, hesitating.

"This way," said Gilbert cheerfully.

And with a few strong, skillful motions, he pulled the canoe up, lifted it, and placed it upside down on his head. It did not seem to trouble him at all.



They all started off on a well-worn path, up a little hill. The trees had been cut away on both sides to make room for carrying canoes.

The boys wondered if Gilbert had to carry the canoe far. But in a few minutes they came over the top of the ridge, and there was another lake before their eyes.

“This is the shortest carry on the lakes,” said Gilbert. “Some of the carries are half a mile or more.”

“Is it hard to carry the canoe so far?” asked Dick.

“No,” said Gilbert.

Dick watched Gilbert. He had never seen any one so strong and yet so slender. Gilbert’s shoulders were broad, but his waist and his hips were small. He walked along as lightly as if he did not have any weight to carry. Dick made up his mind that he would be as strong as Gilbert when he grew up. He thought he would like to look like Gilbert, too, so broad in the shoulders, so small in the hips.

When they were once more in the canoe, moving gently over the water, Dick asked, “How do you keep so strong, Gilbert?”

Gilbert smiled at Dick. “I am not so

very strong," he said. "Indian Peter is stronger than I am."

"But you *are* strong," said Dick positively. "Did you get so by paddling?"

"I suppose so," said Gilbert, "and by chopping trees in the woods in the winter."

"Do you cut trees, too?" asked Dick.

"Yes," said Gilbert. "Father and I buy standing timber and cut it for the paper company. We have a crew of men in the woods all winter."

"I should think the woods would be freezing cold," said Gordon.

"My gracious, yes," said Gilbert. "It is cold enough sometimes. But you soon get warm, swinging an axe. Of course we wear warm clothes."

"Is it nice in the woods in winter?" asked Gordon wonderingly.

"I like it," said Gilbert. "I would rather be in the woods than in the city."

VII

DICK PADDLES THE CANOE

GORDON thought about what Gilbert had told them, while he was paddling them out on the next lake. He wondered what the woods were like in winter.

The lake was large, and Gilbert paddled close to the shore so that they could see all the pretty places. The sun shone warm and a light breeze fanned Gordon's hair. Never in his life had Gordon felt so quiet, so much like sitting still and looking and listening.

Gilbert said nothing, and the boys said nothing. The only sound was the gurgle, gurgle, of the water under the canoe, and the dip, dip of the paddle.

After a while they came to a part of the lake where there was an opening in the shore. It was wider than the mouth of a brook, and the water there was quiet, not running like a river.

Gilbert turned the canoe into the narrow strip of quiet water. It was a long strip.

Far ahead there was a turn, and they could not see beyond that. The shores were near on both sides; the bottom was clear and sandy, and just a little way down. It was the prettiest place!

“Is this a river, Gilbert?” asked Dick.

“No. This is what we call the ‘thoroughfare,’” said Gilbert. “It is the strip of water that joins this lake with Great Lake. You can go from one to the other without a carry.”

“How nice!” said Dick.

“There is no current here,” said Gilbert. “It is a good place to learn to paddle.”

Dick looked at Gilbert.

“You may as well start now,” said Gilbert, smiling.

That was a happy hour for Dick! He held the paddle just as he had seen Gilbert do, and dipped and pushed as Gilbert had. Paddling was not so easy as it looked. The canoe was much heavier than it seemed. But after a little while, Dick could keep the canoe going along straight and steady.

He paddled more than a mile up the thoroughfare, while Gordon watched with eager eyes.



Then Gilbert showed Dick how to turn the canoe. That was harder. Dick practiced turning until his arms were quite tired.

"That is enough for this time," said Gilbert. "We must be thinking of dinner."

Dick laid his paddle down in the canoe

and Gilbert paddled alone. Soon they came out of the thoroughfare into a great wide lake that looked almost like the sea.

“Is this Great Lake?” asked Dick.

“Yes,” Gilbert answered. “This is the biggest of the chain. We call all these lakes around here a chain of lakes. They are joined together by thoroughfares, or they are so near that you can carry across.”

“Are we going across?” Gordon asked, looking at the wide water rather doubtfully.

But Gilbert did not answer. Instead he turned the canoe toward shore. The boys saw a wide, white, sandy beach shaped like a rounded point. In the middle of the sandy beach was a beautiful clear brook.

The brook widened out on the sand and trickled into the lake in two or three small streams only a few inches deep. But where it first came out of the woods, the brook was narrower and deeper.

“What a splendid place!” exclaimed Dick.

“See the brook!” said Gordon. “May I wade in it, please?”

Gilbert nodded. They landed on the sandy beach, beside the brook. Gilbert and Dick pulled the canoe out of the water. They went up the sandy beach to the edge of the woods.

VIII

LUNCHEON IN THE WILD WOODS

A BIG pine log lay just at the edge of the woods on the sand. It would serve for seat and table, too. Gilbert laid his pack-basket beside it. Over the pine log hung branches of a beautiful red pine tree, better than a roof, which kept the sun from shining in their eyes, though the log was all sun-warmed.

Gordon climbed upon the bank where the red pine grew. It was quite a long step higher than the beach.

And there close behind the pine tree, hidden by the ferns and small trees, was a path! It was only a faintly marked path, but it was there. Gordon could see it. The path was slightly hollowed out by the passing of many feet, and very smooth, under a carpet of pine needles.

Gordon followed the path, walking softly on the soft pine needles. Small trees grew

on both sides. Farther back grew big trees. Shade and sunlight came together. Sometimes a little branch reached out and tried to stop Gordon.

In a moment or two the little path led Gordon to a log bridge over the brook. A big pine tree had been cut and laid across the brook. It made a good bridge. Gordon walked out on it. He saw Gilbert below filling a coffee pot with clear brook water.

Gilbert called up to him, "On the other side of the bridge is a good place to undress. Would you like to play in your bathing suit?"

"Yes, I should!" said Gordon. "May I play boats in the brook?"

"I should say so," said Gilbert cheerfully.

Gordon walked across the log, putting one foot straight ahead of the other. Just across the brook at the side of the little path was a small opening in the woods. A pretty white birch tree and a small fir tree made a natural doorway, and at the back

were many more small fir trees and some pines. It was like a room with trees for walls, all cozy and comfortable.

Gordon went into the little forest room and sat down on the soft warm ground; it was all mossy. He took off his shoes and stockings. Then Dick came with his bathing suit, which had been in Gilbert's pack-basket.

"Isn't this a great place?" said Dick. "We are lucky to come to the woods with Gilbert."

"Yes, indeed," said Gordon, pulling away at buttons.

In his bathing suit Gordon played on the sandy beach. He sailed pieces of wood in the smallest stream of the brook. He dug a well of sand and shut off one little stream with a dam; it could not get to the lake, and so it made a tiny pond. Then it joined the other trickling stream. Gordon was so interested in his dams that he did not even watch Gilbert and Dick making a fire.

"Do you want a dip before dinner?" asked

Gilbert. "Better hurry if you do. Dinner is nearly ready."

Gordon ran, splashing, out on the sandy beach. He ran and ran, but the water came only to his knees. It was a very shallow beach. He waded out until the water came to his waist.

"Now dip!" called Gilbert.

But Gordon surprised Gilbert. He lay flat down on the water, on his back, and held his arms and legs still. He floated. Mother had taught him to float, down by the sea, before he had whooping cough.

Gordon found it was not so easy to float in the lake as in the sea. The water seemed not to hold him up so high. But it was much warmer than the sea water; it was very pleasant.

"Well done, Gordon! Good work!" called Gilbert, who was watching Gordon carefully. "When did you learn to float?"

Gordon stood up. "Down by the sea, with Mother," he said. "The salt water floats me better than this water does!"

“Yes,” said Gilbert, “but this water is warmer, and more quiet, isn’t it?”

“Yes; I like it,” said Gordon. “I like both kinds of water.”

Gordon dipped and splashed. It was great fun.

Then Gilbert called, “See if you can be dressed in five minutes!”

Gordon ran to his forest room. Dick rubbed him dry with a towel. Gordon dressed in seven minutes.

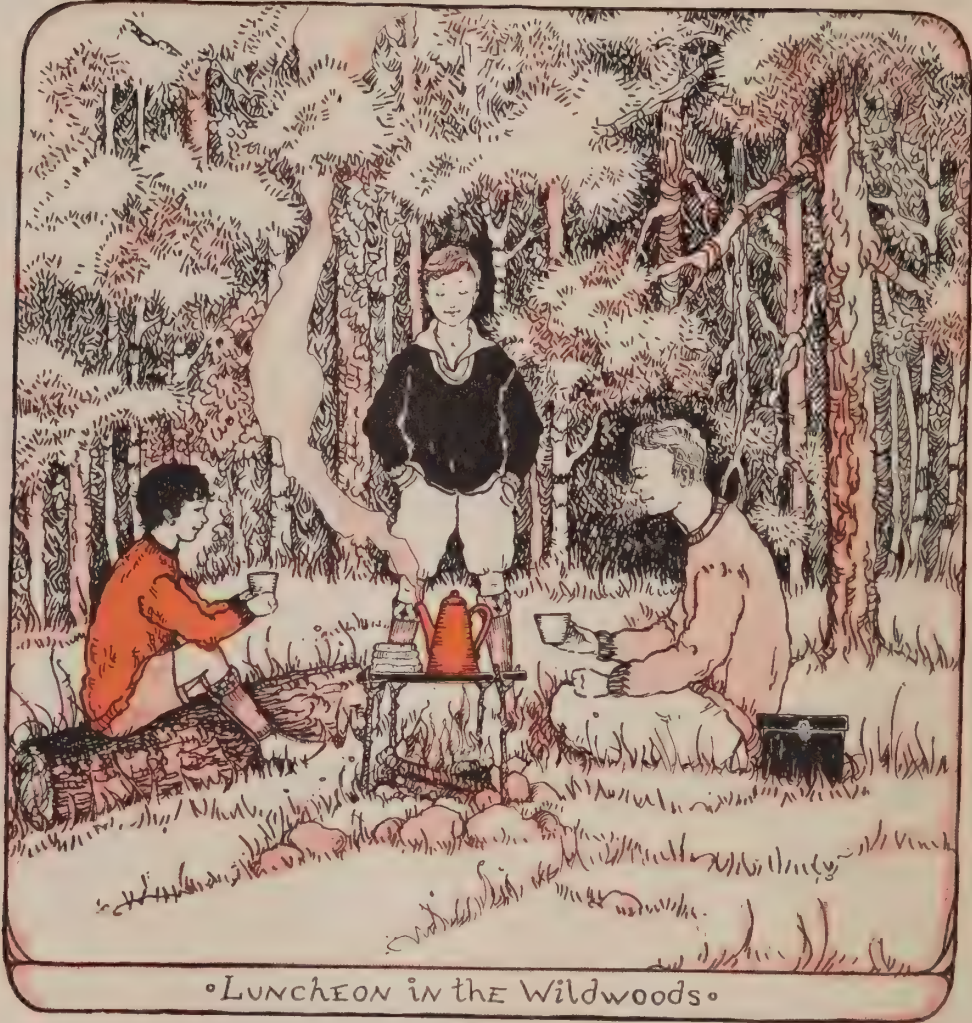
“Pretty good!” said Gilbert. “I thought you would take ten.”

“I was too hungry,” said Gordon. “Dinner smells good, Gilbert.”

They sat down on the big log, under the shady red pine branches. The fire was burning cheerfully on the sand, close by. Over the fire was an iron toaster. The toaster rested on two forked sticks, and the sticks were driven into the sand. On the toaster were hot toasted sandwiches, and a pot of boiling cocoa.

Gilbert gave the boys their camping cups

full of cocoa, and passed hot sandwiches to them. The hot sandwiches were delicious. There was a tin box full of molasses cookies. The cookies had nuts and raisins in them.



Gilbert and the boys ate all the cookies. They drank all the cocoa in the big pot, too. Everything tasted so good that they did not leave anything.

After dinner Gilbert heated water in a

small tin kettle and washed the cups and cocoa pot. He dried the dishes, too, and washed his dish towel. Then he hung the dish towel on a bush to dry. Dick and Gordon helped. They watched him pack the clean things neatly in the pack-basket.

“Now everything is ready for another day,” said Gilbert.

Gordon began to feel very tired. He sat down in the warm sand with his back against the log.

Gilbert looked at Gordon and smiled. He sat down beside Gordon and put his arm around him. Gordon leaned his head on Gilbert’s arm. His eyes blinked at the sun; they blinked at the sand, the canoe, the fire.

Gilbert said, “Sit still and shut your eyes, and I will tell you something.”

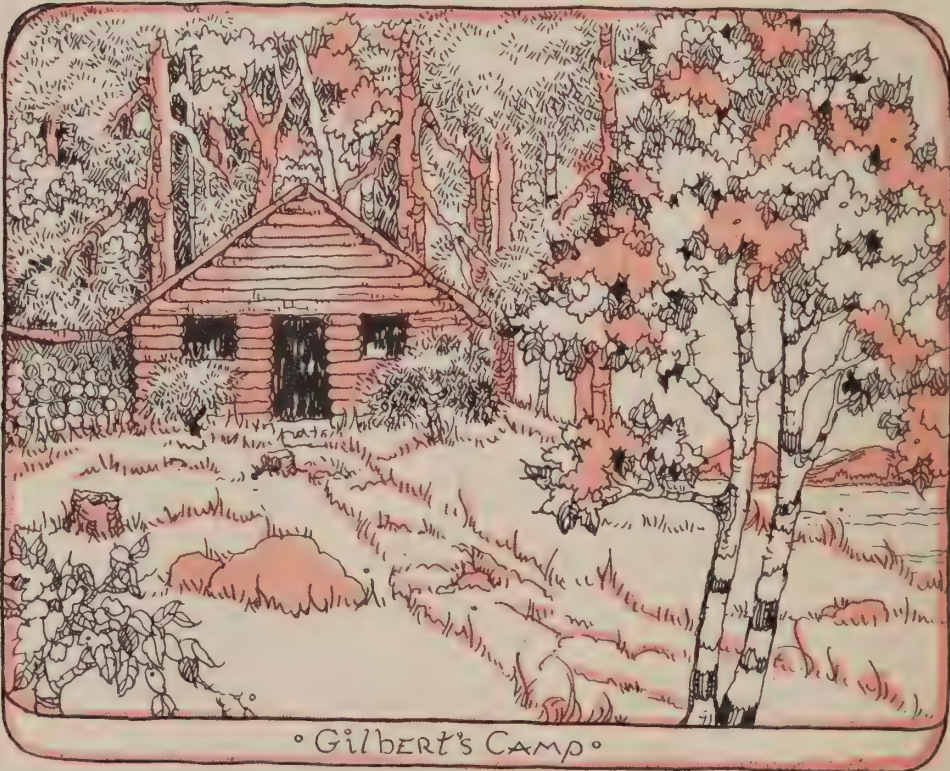
“All right,” murmured Gordon.

Dick lay down on the sand with his arm under his head.

IX

GILBERT'S CAMP STORY

"WHEN I was a boy about your size," Gilbert began, "I had a camp on Little Pleasant Lake. Dad and I built it. We made a square room of logs, and a lean-to. The lean-to was for firewood, and for storing things.



° Gilbert's Camp °

"It was a nice little camp. It had two windows and a stove. It had two cot beds and a table. Dad and I fixed up shelves

for dishes. We made pine benches to sit on. Mother gave me blankets and towels. I was as proud as could be to have a camp all my own."

Dick and Gordon listened to what Gilbert was telling, but only Dick heard the rest of the story. Gordon fell asleep just as Gilbert said, "all my own." Gilbert laid Gordon gently down on the warm pine needles. He put a canoe cushion under Gordon's head. Then he went on telling Dick the story, speaking softly.

"Dad and Mother used to let me go to the camp on Friday night with an older boy, a chum of mine. My, we had fun! We used to carry a supper and eat it by candlelight. Then we would go to bed, so as to wake at sunrise. We were out in our canoe as soon as it was light, and all day we fished and hunted. We cooked our meals out doors and went swimming and everything.

"My chum was very neat in his ways. No matter how tired we were at night we always washed the dishes and put them

away, and then we swept up. And in the morning he never would start out until we had brought wood and water for the night, and made our beds.

“Father used to give us an inspection once in a while. He always said, ‘An untidy camp is a disgrace to a woodsman.’

“We had the camp all one winter and the next summer. Then I went away to high school. I lived with my aunt in Portland. My chum went away to school, too.

“Some of the boys at home wanted to use the camp on Saturdays. They offered to pay for it. But Dad and I said they were welcome to use the camp if they would take good care of it. We were glad to have them use it.

“Well, sir, they used it! Yes, they did use it!

“I came back home late in June, and all I could think of was my camp. I could hardly wait to get to it. My chum came home, too, and he wanted to go to camp as much as I did.

“Father said he hoped the boys had taken good care of everything. He had not been over since warm weather came. We told him that it would be all right; the boys could not hurt anything over there.

“Mother put up a fine supper for us, and gave us fresh soap and towels.

“We started off with our fishing lines and guns. We were so happy that we had to fool around a lot and we did not get to Little Pleasant till about three o’clock. It was half past four, or later, when we reached our camp point, really too late to get into camp.

“We pulled up the canoe, and started on a run up the bank. We could not wait to see everything.”

Gilbert paused. Dick looked up, waiting. Gilbert’s face wore a peculiar look.

“Well,” said Gilbert, “we began to see things soon enough, but not what we expected to see! The camp stood on a high bank, back from the water. There were ferns and bushes and trees in front, and we had cut away the brush to let the sunshine

in. We had always kept that front bank as clean and pretty as could be. Now, right in front, the first thing we saw was a dump-pile of old tin cans and bottles! And the cans and bottles were not even all in the pile! The ground was covered with them, and with other things; it looked as if some one had stood in the door and flung things at the pile, hit or miss.

“Our axe was lying on a log out in front, all rusty. There were feathers everywhere, where some one had plucked fowl to cook.

“My chum looked at me and I looked at him. Then we started for the cabin.

“My chum opened the door. Then he put his hand over his nose and backed out. ‘Whew!’ he said.

“I got a whiff. ‘Rotten eggs!’ I said.

“We backed out and looked at each other. My chum’s face turned white. He shut his mouth hard.

“Then he said slowly, ‘Come on in.’

“We held our noses and went in, leaving the door open. Such a mess I have never

seen in a house. The floor was covered with pasteboard boxes, old papers, dirty dish cloths — everything. The table was piled with dirty dishes, mouldy bread and scraps of food.

“We made a dash for the eggs and got them out. We buried them later.

“Not a dish was clean. The stove was rusty and covered with grease. Our kettles and pans were ruined. The beds were piled high with soiled blankets. The whole camp looked more like a pigpen than a human house. Indeed it looked much worse than a proper pigpen.

“Well, there was not much fun left in the picnic for us, but we did not waste time talking about it. There was too much to do before we could sleep there.

“My chum built a roaring fire in the stove. I scrubbed the pans as well as I could with sand and cold water. Then we filled them with water and put them on to heat.

“While the water was heating, we took

the blankets outdoors and left them to air. Then we fairly shoveled the dirt out, burning up the old papers and boxes. The broom was not much hurt. (My chum said he guessed it had not been used very often!) So we swept; then we scoured the table, and washed all the dishes.

“We ate our supper out of doors, just as dark fell. Then we made balsam beds and lay down in our clothes. Neither of us wanted to sleep under those blankets. We kept the fire going, so it was not very cold, but we did not sleep much.

“It took us all next day to make the camp right again. We washed the blankets in the lake, and dried them on trees in the sun. We beat the mattresses and left them in the sun. We cleaned up all round the camp outdoors. By sundown it was fit to live in again.

“The next day we went round to all the boys' houses, and just said a few plain words. We told them not to come again. They never did.”

Dick looked at Gilbert's face. It was not at all a cross face, but it was the face of a person who meant just what he said. Dick was not surprised that the boys did not come again.

"I tell you, Dick," said Gilbert, "that cured me of ever being lazy around camp. The only way to live decently in the woods is to clean up after yourself. You don't see the deer or the hawks or the rabbits making a mess all over the place. Human beings ought to be as decent as they are.

"When we go away from here there should not be anything left to spoil the woods for the next man. No papers, no eggshells; nothing but the clean sand, the clean trees, the clean water."

Dick nodded. "That is what Mother and Father always said. On our picnics by the sea we always picked up everything after dinner."

X

THE JINGLE

“YOUR camp story makes me think of a jingle my Aunt Grace used to tell me,” said Dick to Gilbert. “She makes up funny rhymes about things that happen.”

“Tell it to me,” said Gilbert, “if you can remember it.”

So Dick told Gilbert this jingle.



“I had a pretty little house”

THE VISITOR

I had a pretty little house

As tidy as a pin.

There was a place for everything

And each its place was in.

There was a place for spoon and fork,

A place for broom and pan;

A place for books, a place for hooks,

And all was spick and span.

Whene'er I used a fork or spoon,

A pen, a pan, a broom,

I put it back when I had done,

Just where I took it from.

So all went cheerily and well,

And though my house was small

It always had just room enough

For me, my friends, and all.

A visitor there came to me,

All in the month of May.

She stayed a week, and then a week,

A fortnight and a day.

She said she loved my little house,
So neat by night or day.
She said she loved to help me work
And put my things away.

But, oh, she put my tidy things
In every sort of place!
My books and hooks and brooms and pans
Began to run a race.

They moved from shelf and closet out
To table and to chair.
They moved from chair and table till
They were — just everywhere!

Whene'er I went to get a spoon
There lay a fork instead.
And if I sought a tablecloth
I found it on the bed.

The books were on the writing desk,
The ink was on the floor,
The boots were on the dresser
And the rugs behind the door.

There was no room to move about,
So many things were there.

There was no room to sit or stand
Or lie down, anywhere!

There was no room for work or play,
No room for friends, at all.

My visitor began to say,
“Is not your house too small?

“I thought it far more roomy when
I saw it first, my dear.

But that it is too small for you
Has now become quite clear.

“I really think ’twere wiser, far,
To sell this tiny cot
And buy yourself an ampler home
In some more worthy spot.”

Alas, alas, her words seemed true,
For as I looked about,
I felt myself all crowded up,
And almost crowded out.

But suddenly a happy thought
Put all my fears to shame;
“*The little house was big enough
For me, before she came!*”

And so we said polite good-byes.

But, oh, I did *not* say,

“Be sure to visit me again,

When next you come this way!”

For no one loves a visitor

Who spoils a tidy home.

And no one sighs to see him go,

Or smiles to see him come.

So if you would be welcome

Wherever you may go,

Be sure to act as you would like

A guest to act with you.

Don't leave a mess behind you

For other folks to clean.

Don't write your autograph in dirt

Wherever you have been.

But make each place a nicer place

Because you have been there;

Leave cleanliness and order

Behind you everywhere.

When you have read a friendly book

Replace it on the shelf.

If you have tracked a little dirt,
Just brush it up, yourself.

If you would help your friend at work,
Take note where things belong.
It's better not to help at all
Than help to do things wrong.

And if you go to picnic
In God's great Out-of-Doors,
Remember, you are just a guest
On Nature's woodland floors.

Don't spoil her lovely carpets
By leaving rubbish there.
But treat her rooms so carefully
That they are still as fair

For other visitors to see
And take their pleasure in.
To use the woods is right and good;
To spoil them is a sin.

So please remember, children dear,
The rule of friendly living
Is, "Freely take the joys of life,
But be as free in giving."

And whether you remain at home,
Or roam the world around it,
Leave every place a little bit
Better than you found it!

XI

GORDON SEES A TOTE ROAD

“THAT is a jolly little jingle,” said Gilbert.

“What is that last bit, again?”

Dick repeated it, and Gilbert said it after him, smiling thoughtfully,

“Leave every place a little bit
Better than you found it.”

“What are you telling?” asked a small voice suddenly. Gordon was awake.

“Would you like to follow the trail a way?” asked Gilbert.

Gordon sat up. “Is that little path I went on, the trail?” he asked.

“Yes,” said Gilbert.

“Where does it go?” asked Gordon.

“Let us find out,” said Dick.

So Gilbert and Dick and Gordon started off on the trail. It was the first time the two boys had ever been in the real woods, on a real trail.

“Are there any people besides us around here?” asked Dick.

“Yes,” said Gilbert. “There are quite a few people fishing on the different lakes.”

“I mean here, right here in these woods,” said Dick.

“Maybe some one has gone up this trail to-day,” said Gilbert. “If so it is one of the fishermen or a guide. The lumbermen are not cutting here this year, so there is no one here but fishermen and guides.”

Dick and Gordon thought it was rather strange to be so far from people. But it was very pleasant. The woods were so quiet, and everything was so beautiful.

For a short way the trail kept close to the beach, then it joined a wider and rougher path which turned quite away from the water.

“Why, there are wheel ruts on this trail,” said Dick. “Is this a road?”

“One kind of road,” said Gilbert. “But those are not wheel ruts; they are made by sled runners. We call this a ‘tote road.’”

“What do you tote on it?” asked Dick, smiling at the odd word. He had heard his



mother's cook, Fanny, say, "I toted that basket home."

Gilbert smiled too.

"A tote road," he said, "is just a rough way cut through the woods to be used when

the deep snow comes. Then a sled can be drawn over it, to 'tote' lumber or provisions from one place to another. The lumbermen use the tote road and all the Camp people use it. When the tote road becomes as smooth as this, we can drive a low sled over it even in summer."

Gordon was climbing over a great moss-covered stone that stuck up in the way.

"Can the horses get over the stones on the tote roads?" he asked.

"Yes, you would be surprised to see them," said Gilbert. "They know the woods as well as we do."

"Don't you have any real roads?" asked Dick.

"Not in the woods," said Gilbert. "There are only three ways to travel in the woods. You can paddle a canoe; or you can walk on the trails and the tote roads; or you can ride a horse over the tote roads. But the horse can't take you everywhere."

"It is quite wild here, isn't it?" said Dick.

“I have always wanted to see the wild woods.”

“Where does this tote road go, Gilbert?” asked Gordon.

“It goes to two more lakes,” said Gilbert, “and to an old lumber camp, and to another fishing camp.” Then he added, softly, “And it goes to a place where I have sometimes seen deer feeding! So be quiet.”

XII

DEER ON THE TRAIL

THE boys were very much excited. Gordon looked at Dick with big, bright eyes. They did not talk any more, but walked very softly, with heads raised, and eyes watching the woods ahead, and on both sides.

They went down a steep hill, where the tote road was smooth and open. Then they climbed a short hill where there were more rocks than Gordon liked.

Gilbert put his finger to his lips. They moved still more quietly. Suddenly they came in sight of a small clearing, a kind of natural pasture, with a brook running through it. As they looked, Gordon almost cried out, "See the little cows!"

But he did not cry out. Just in time he remembered to keep still.

There, in the clear place by the brook, two pretty little animals were feeding. They were a very light brown color, something like a Jersey cow, with some white on them.

But they did not look like cows, for they were very small and slender, with long, slim legs, and pretty little heads.



° DEER ON THE TRAIL °

Gilbert and Dick and Gordon stood quite still. They said nothing, but looked with all their might.

As they looked, one of the pretty little animals raised its head from feeding, and looked straight back at them. Its eyes were

the largest, brightest, most startled eyes the boys had ever seen.

But they had no time to admire the bright eyes, for instantly, without a sound, the two animals jumped high into the air and ran away. They ran with peculiar uneven jumps, on their long legs, like a rocking horse, rocking.

The peculiar jumps were very fast ones. In half a minute the little animals had disappeared in the forest.

"My!" said Gordon, "were those deer, Gilbert?"

"Yes," said Gilbert, "young ones."

"But they had no horns," said Dick.

"They were too young," said Gilbert.

"Don't they run in the funniest way?" exclaimed Dick. "They jump so high on those long legs!"

"I love them!" said Gordon. "I wish I had one."

"Don't you think we are very lucky, Gilbert," asked Dick, "to see the loon race and the little deer our first day here?"

“It often happens like that in the woods,” Gilbert said. “Sometimes I see two or three creatures in one morning; sometimes I don’t see any for several days.”

“Oh, I do hope we shall see many creatures,” said Dick eagerly.

After this Gilbert said they must turn around and follow the trail back to the canoe.

They got back to the canoe at half past two o’clock by Dick’s watch.

In five minutes more they were on their way down the still thoroughfare, Gilbert paddling, and the two boys sitting quietly.

“In a few days more you will not have to do all the work,” said Dick.

“No,” answered Gilbert, “you can soon take the bow paddle.”

Going home over the carries and over the lakes, the way seemed quite familiar. Both boys recognized many points. But the water was no longer still. The afternoon breeze had sprung up, and there were waves on the lakes.

Sometimes the canoe lifted and came down on the water with a sharp slap, and sometimes the spray wet Gordon's hands or face. It was wonderful to watch Gilbert's sure, strong strokes, and after the first few minutes Gordon forgot to feel afraid. He sat quite still and enjoyed everything.

"What would you do if the wind was too strong for you?" Dick asked Gilbert.

"Put ashore and camp," said Gilbert comfortably. "But the wind does not get too strong on these smaller lakes."

Dick thought as he watched Gilbert that a wind might be too strong for some people and still not be too strong for Gilbert.

XIII

LOON SONG

AT five o'clock two very tired and very happy boys followed Gilbert up the path to the home Camp. Father and Mother, in Peter's canoe, came in sight just as Gilbert landed. At half past five every one was eating a hearty, hot supper in the pleasant dining room. And at half past six Gordon was leaning against Mother's knee, on a cushion before the fireplace in their own little cabin, telling her all about his wonderful day.

"When you are stronger," said Mother, "you may sit up a while in the evenings and listen to the talk around the big fire at the club house. People tell such interesting things."

"Mmmmm," murmured Gordon sleepily. "Will you sing a little bit to me while I undress me, Mumsie dear?"

Mother said she would. So Gordon un-

dressed slowly, by the fire, folding his clothes neatly and laying them on a chair.

And Mother sang this song:



THE LITTLE LOONS ¹

All the little loon-loons
 Calling in the night,
 Don't you hear them calling,
 When the moon puts out her light?
 Calling to their mother,
 "Oohoo," in the dark.
 Listen little baby,
 For you'll hear them if you hark.

¹ This can be sung to the air of "Mighty Lak a Rose," by Ethelbert Nevin.

Don't you hear them laughing,
Wild and high and far?
Wonder what the joke is,
Wonder where they are,
Wonder why they're waking,
Such a time of night?
Think I'm glad that you and I
Are in the warm firelight!

XIV

BY THE CAMP FIRE

EACH day after this day Gordon's cheeks grew more and more rosy, until he began to look like himself. And each day Mother's eyes lost a little of the tired look, and her hands lost a little of the thin look, till she was once more the pretty, gay Mother of the time before whooping cough. Camp was doing them all good.

Before long came the day when Father said Gordon might stay up at the big cabin for a short time after supper.

Gordon sat very quiet all through supper. He was thinking about the evening; everybody round the great fireplace together, grown-up people telling things, and Gordon hearing everything! What fun! His big blue eyes were even brighter than usual. So bright that Mother smiled across the table at him. She understood.

As soon as they had eaten supper, Mother

said, "You and I will find a seat by the fire right now, Gordon, because we cannot stay as long as the others."

They went into the big room and sat down by the fire. Most of the men were standing about, talking. Some of them went outside in the clear dark to walk a while on the veranda. Dick went, too, with Bunny Wingate.

Two other ladies besides Mother came to sit with her, and one tall, thin, pleasant-looking man who had just come to Camp. He seemed very glad to see Mother.

"So you have come back to the woods at last," he said. "I was afraid we had lost you."

"Never that," said Mother. "Just so many things to prevent, one summer after another. Maybe we should not have come now but for Gordon's whooping cough; we were sent to recuperate. This is Gordon, Mr. Long."

Gordon stood up. He looked eagerly into the tall man's face.

“Glad to see you, Gordon,” said the tall man, taking Gordon’s small, brown hand in his.

“Glad to see you, too,” said Gordon quickly. “Are you — are you the nat’rlist, sir?”

Mr. Long smiled at Mother, in a rather surprised way.

“What do you know about naturalists, young man?” he asked, sitting down by them.

“Well,” said Gordon, “I know what you said about loon races. Gilbert told us. We saw a loon race when we first came. It was great!”

“You were fortunate,” said Mr. Long. “Some people have come here several summers and have never yet seen the loons go through that odd performance.”

“Then maybe they think the loons don’t do it?” said Gordon.

Mr. Long smiled. “But you and I know they do it, don’t we?” he said.

Gordon nodded, his eyes sparkling.

“Mrs. Wingate,” said the naturalist to Mother’s friend, “haven’t you a story on hand for this young man? He and I are just old enough for one of your stories.”

Gordon knew Mr. Long was joking, but he hoped with all his heart that Mrs. Wingate did have a story on hand. Mrs. Wingate had an odd voice, rather sweet and high, and when she told a story Gordon always felt as if he were all alone with her, in a place where a little wind was blowing.

Mrs. Wingate answered, “My stories are not nearly so interesting as yours, Mr. Long.” But when Gordon looked at her eagerly, she nodded to him, and said, “Very well, I will tell you a story about a little darky boy.” And she began, at once, to tell a story.

THE STORY OF EPAMINONDAS AND HIS AUNTIE

Epaminondas used to go to see his Auntie ’most every day, and she nearly always gave him something to take home to his Mammy.

One day she gave him a big piece of cake; nice, yellow, rich, gold-cake.

Epaminondas took it in his fist and held it all scrunched up tight, like this, and came along home. By the time he got home there wasn't anything left but a fistful of crumbs. His Mammy said,

“What you got there, Epaminondas?”

“Cake, Mammy,” said Epaminondas.

“Cake?” said his Mammy. “Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with! That's no way to carry cake. The way to carry cake is to wrap it all up nice in some leaves and put it in your hat, and put your hat on your head, and come along home. You hear me, Epaminondas?”

“Yes, Mammy,” said Epaminondas.

Next day Epaminondas went to see his Auntie, and she gave him a pound of butter for his Mammy; fine, fresh, sweet butter.

Epaminondas wrapped it up in leaves and put it in his hat, and put his hat on his head, and came along home.

It was a very hot day. Pretty soon the butter began to melt. It melted, and melted and as it melted it ran down Epam-

inondas's forehead; then it ran over his face, and in his ears, and down his neck. When he got home, all the butter Epaminondas had was *on him*. His Mammy looked at him, and then she said,

“Law’s sake! Epaminondas, what you got in your hat?”

“Butter, Mammy,” said Epaminondas; “Auntie gave it to me.”

“Butter!” said his Mammy. “Epaminondas, you ain’t got the sense you was born with! Don’t you know that’s no way to carry butter? The way to carry butter is to wrap it up in some leaves and take it down to the brook, and cool it in the water, and cool it in the water, and cool it in the water, and then take it on your hands, careful, and bring it along home.”

“Yes, Mammy,” said Epaminondas.

By and by, another day, Epaminondas went to see his Auntie again, and this time she gave him a little new puppy-dog to take home.

Epaminondas wrapped the puppy-dog in

some leaves and took it down to the brook; and there he cooled it in the water, and cooled it in the water, and cooled it in the water; then he took it in his hands and came along home. When he got home, the puppy-dog was dead. His Mammy looked at it, and she said,

“Law’s sake! Epaminondas, what you got there?”

“A puppy-dog, Mammy,” said Epaminondas.

“A puppy-dog!” said his Mammy. “My gracious sakes alive, Epaminondas, you ain’t got the sense you was born with! That ain’t the way to carry a puppy-dog! The way to carry a puppy-dog is to take a long piece of string and tie one end of it round the puppy-dog’s neck and put the puppy-dog on the ground, and take hold of the other end of the string and come along home, like this.”

“All right, Mammy,” said Epaminondas.

Next day, Epaminondas went to see his Auntie again, and when he came to go home

she gave him a loaf of bread to carry to his Mammy; a brown, fresh, crusty loaf of bread.

So Epaminondas tied a string around the end of the loaf and took hold of the other end of the string and came along home. When he got home his Mammy looked at the thing on the end of the string and she said, "My laws a-massey! Epaminondas, what you got on the end of that string?"

"Bread, Mammy," said Epaminondas; "Auntie gave it to me."

"Bread!" said his Mammy. "O Epaminondas, Epaminondas, you ain't got the sense you was born with; you never did have the sense you was born with; you never will have the sense you was born with! Now I ain't gwine tell you any more ways to bring truck home. And don't you go see your Auntie, neither. I'll go see her my own self. But I'll just tell you one thing, Epaminondas! You see these here six mince pies I done make? You see how I done set 'em on the doorstep to cool?

Well, now, you hear me, Epaminondas, you be careful how you step on those pies!"

"Yes, Mammy," said Epaminondas.



Then Epaminondas' Mammy put on her bonnet and her shawl and took a basket in her hand and went away to see Auntie. The six mince pies sat cooling in a row on the doorstep.

And then — and then — Epaminondas *was* careful how he stepped on those pies!

He stepped — right — in — the — middle — of — every — one!

And, do you know, nobody knows what happened next! Nobody knows. But you can guess!

XV

THE STORY OF THE CAT AND THE PARROT

WHEN Mrs. Wingate had begun the story of "Epaminondas," only a few people were sitting around the fire. But when she ended every one was there, listening. The people came in so softly and sat down so quietly that Gordon hardly knew they were there; he still felt all alone with Mrs. Wingate in that far-away place where the wind was blowing, lightly. It really startled him, when they all began to clap. But he clapped, too.

"Oh, just one more," Mother said. "Tell one more, Molly, before Gordon and I go back to our cabin."

And kind Mrs. Wingate told one more. This is it.

Once there was a cat, and a parrot, and they had agreed to ask each other to dinner, turn and turn about. First the cat should

ask the parrot to dinner, then the parrot should invite the cat to dinner, and so on. It was the cat's turn, first.



Now the cat was very mean. He provided nothing at all for dinner except a pint of milk, a little slice of fish, and a biscuit.

The parrot was too polite to complain, but he did not have a very good time.

When it was the parrot's turn to invite the cat, he cooked a fine dinner. He had a roast of meat, a pot of tea, a basket of fruit, and, best of all, he baked a whole clothes-basketful of little cakes!—little, brown, crispy, spicy cakes! Oh, I should say as many as five hundred brown, spicy little cakes. And he put four hundred and ninety-eight of the cakes before the cat, keeping only two for himself.

Well, the cat ate the roast, and drank the tea, and sucked the fruit, and then he began on the pile of cakes.

He ate all the four hundred and ninety-eight cakes, and then he looked round and said:

“I am hungry; haven't you anything to eat?”

“Why,” said the parrot, “here are my two cakes, if you want them?”

The cat ate up the two cakes, and then he licked his chops and said,

“I am beginning to get an appetite; have you anything to eat?”

“Well, really,” said the parrot, who was now rather angry, “I don’t see anything more, unless you wish to eat me!” He thought the cat would be ashamed when he heard that.

But the cat just looked at him, and licked his chops again—and slip! slop! gobble! Down his throat went the parrot!

Then the cat started down the street. An old woman was standing by, and she had seen the whole thing. She was shocked that the cat should eat his friend.

“Why, cat!” she said, “how dreadful of you to eat your friend, the parrot!”

“Parrot, indeed!” said the cat. “What’s a parrot to me? I’ve a great mind to eat you, too.” And—before you could say “Jack Robinson”—slip! slop! gobble! Down went the old woman!

Then the cat started down the road again, walking jauntily because he felt so fine. Pretty soon he met a man, driving a donkey.

The man was beating the donkey, to hurry him up, and when he saw the cat he said, "Get out of my way, cat; I am in a hurry and my donkey might tread on you."

"Donkey, indeed!" said the cat, "much I care for a donkey! I have eaten five hundred cakes, I have eaten my friend the parrot, I have eaten an old woman—what's to hinder my eating a miserable old man and a donkey?"

And slip! slop! gobble! Down went the old man and the donkey!

Then the cat went on down the road, walking jauntily. After a little, he met a procession, coming that way. The king was at the head of the procession, walking proudly with his newly married bride, and behind him were his soldiers, marching, and behind them were ever and ever so many elephants, walking two by two.

The king felt very kind to everybody, because he had just been married, and he said to the cat, "Get out of my way, pussy, get out of my way! My elephants might hurt you!"

“Hurt me!” said the cat, shaking his fat sides. “Ho, ho! I have eaten five hundred cakes, I have eaten my friend the parrot, I have eaten an old woman, I have eaten a man and a donkey; what’s to hinder my eating a beggarly king?”

And slip! slop! gobble! Down went the king; down went the queen; down went the soldiers—and down went all the elephants!

Then the cat went on, more slowly; he had really had enough to eat, now. But a little farther on he met two land crabs, scuttling along in the dust.

“Get out of our way, pussy,” they squeaked.

“Ho, ho, ho!” cried the cat in a terrible voice. “I have eaten five hundred cakes, I have eaten my friend the parrot, I have eaten an old woman, a man with a donkey, a king, a queen, his men-at-arms, and all his elephants; and now I’ll eat you too.”

And slip! slop! gobble! Down went the two land crabs.

When the land crabs got down inside, they began to look around.

It was very dark, but they could see the poor king sitting in a corner with his bride on his arm; she had fainted. Near them were the men-at-arms, treading on one another's toes, and the elephants, still trying to form in twos — but they couldn't, because there was not room. In the opposite corner sat the old woman, and near her stood the man with his donkey. But in the other corner was a great pile of cakes, and by them perched the parrot, his feathers all drooping.

“Let's get to work!” said the land crabs. And, snip, snap, they began to make a little hole in the side, with their sharp claws. Snip, snap, snip, snap — till it was big enough to get through. Then out they scuttled.

Then out walked the king, carrying his bride; out marched the men-at-arms; out tramped the elephants, two by two; out came the old man, beating his donkey; out

walked the old woman, scolding the cat; and last of all, out hopped the parrot, holding a cake in each claw. (You remember, two cakes was all he wanted?)

But the poor cat had to spend the whole day sewing up the hole in his coat!

XVI

EVERY ONE WANTS MORE STORIES

EVERY one laughed over the greedy cat with his "slip, slop, gobble." It was such delicious nonsense!

"You really ought to give us a 'Story Hour,' before you leave Camp," said Mr. Long to Mrs. Wingate.

"Perhaps I will, if Mrs. Hall will sing for us," answered Mrs. Wingate.

"You will, won't you?" said everybody to Mother.

And before every one had done talking about it, that evening, the "Story Hour" had been promised.

Gordon knew that Mother's friend, Mrs. Wingate, did tell stories to many people, grown-up people as well as children, all over the country; sometimes in libraries, sometimes in Sunday Schools, and sometimes in big halls where there was a regular stage like a theater.

Mother had told him that Mrs. Wingate took all the money she earned for telling stories and sent it to pay for the board and education of some boys and girls in the Near East.

Gordon knew all about the Near East, too, because Mother kept a savings box for pennies in her room at home, marked "Near East Pennies," and every time she sent off a check to help the Near East children, she counted the pennies and put them in the bank, and added just that much more money to the check she was sending. So Gordon understood very well about Mrs. Wingate and her Near East boys and girls.

When the evening of the Story Hour really came, Gordon was very much pleased to stand with Dick and Bunny Wingate at the door of the big room. Dick and Bunny said they were ticket-takers, but there really were no tickets to take, because every one had seen the big card Father had printed and tacked up on the outside door that morning. The card read :

Story Hour by Mrs. Charles Wingate

This evening in the Club Room.

Everybody Come!

Admission — Anything over 10 cents!

Drop in the box what you care to give.

Proceeds to go to Mrs. Wingate's
group of children in the Near East.

So Dick and Bunny and Gordon really had nothing to do except to be polite, and say, "There are three chairs over at the right," or, "There is one seat left in that corner," or "Yes, my mother is here in the front row."

Mrs. Wingate told a good many stories that night, some quite grown-up ones, and some in verse. But the ones Gordon liked best were those you find as you turn the next pages.

XVII

MOTHER HOTTY AND THE LITTLE HOTTIES
DID you ever hear about old Mother Hotty who lives in the furnace, and the little Hotties who play in the steam pipes? No? Then I'll tell you about them.

It was a cold, cold day. There were frost pictures all over the windowpanes, and the snow *creaked* outside when the milkman's cart came along with Gordy's breakfast milk.

So Gordy's Daddy got up early and put on his big gray dressing gown, the thick woolly one, and his high warm slippers, and went down to the cellar to 'tend to Mother Hotty.

Mother Hotty was all dark and sleepy and still, in the steam heater in the cellar, hardly breathing, and not winking at all. And not a sound of any of the little Hotties came from the pipes.

But Daddy could hear the Coldies, all about the place, snapping their fingers and

cracking their joints. He knew they had been up to tricks, and were pleased with themselves.

So Gordy's Daddy took the shaker and gave Mrs. Hotty a good waking up; that is the way Mother Hotty likes folks to say "Good morning" to her.

And as soon as he had got her waked up a little, he gave her a big breakfast of four shovelfuls of coal from the coal bin, and a drink of water. And then he gave her a breath of fresh air to help her digest her breakfast. And then he came upstairs to bed, to wait a while.

Mother Hotty stirred a bit and drew a few deep breaths. Then she began to warm up to the day's work. Her eyes blinked once or twice. Then they twinkled. Then they shone. Then they gleamed. Her heart grew warmer and warmer, her breath came deeper and faster.

And now Mother Hotty was at her day's work of warming up Gordy's House. She began to *hum-m-m-m*, and then she gave her

orders, in a bubbling, comfortable, busy voice :

‘ Here, you, here, you, here, you!! Every little Hotty at his post, now! Where are the Scouts? Up in your own pipe, every one of you! Scouts, go ahead to clear the way. This is a fine morning for those Coldies to be about. I’ll wager they’ve got their tricks and their barricades up. Get at it, now! Clear the pipes!”

Up sprang the little Hotties, the Scout Hotties ahead, the smaller Hotties next; and every one had his little hammer sticking out of his hip pocket. Into every steam pipe they leaped, and the fun began.

Gordy heard them from his bed. *Snip, snap*, from somewhere in his walls. That was Ginger Hotty hurrying so fast that he dropped his hammer.

Then *tap, tap, TAP, TAP!* Louder, louder — a regular knocking and banging began all over the place. That was the Hotties, hammering away at the barricades the Coldies had built up during the night. Knock, knock, crash, bang!



Down came the barricades. And the little Hotties muttered and gossiped in their satisfaction. Gordy heard them plainly.

They swarmed up the pipes and crowded into the radiators, crowding and pushing,

and giggling in choppy, gurgling laughs. Good little Hotties!

Gordy could hear them gurgling and giggling in his radiator. Then he heard such a bang! Bang, bang, *bang, bing!* It sounded like a regular fight, in his radiator.

And that is what it was. The Scout Hotty had caught two of the Coldies who had been putting up barricades.

“Push ’em, push ’em, throw ’em out!” said Scout to the small brothers behind him. And how they did push and crowd! Then the Coldies pushed and crowded back at them. It was a grand fight.

Gordy sat up in his warm white bed. Then he thought he would like to take a hand. So he jumped out of bed and ran across the floor in his bare pink feet and unscrewed the little cap on the safety-cock of the steam radiator.

“*Pouf, pouf, kebumps!*” Out came the two Coldies, head over heels, one after the other, almost into Gordy’s face! The Hotties had thrown them out.

And *how* the Hotties laughed! They chuckled loud and deep and long, till the whole radiator was just one chuckle.

Gordy stared into the air where the Coldies had come out. But he caught only one tiny glimpse. That was all. The Coldies had run away through the windows to their mates outside.

But one little Hotty had fallen out behind them. In his haste and his hard pushing he had gone too far, and out he came! Gordy heard the tiny gasp he gave, and quite plainly he saw his little white shirt as he jumped. And quite plainly he felt the Hotty's warm moist breath on his own fat fingers.

But that was all. For next second, Ginger Hotty—it *was* Ginger Hotty, of course—had twinkled himself down the stairs into the cellar and back to Mother Hotty's pipes. He had no mind to be left out of any fun.

So Gordy put the cock back on again, for fear more Hotties might tumble out. And over the floor he ran fast to his bed. The

Coldies had been sweeping his floor all night with chilly brooms, and it was miserable to feel.

But it could not stay cold long now. For in every pipe in the house the Hotty children had broken the barricades and thrown out the Coldies, and now they were running up and down, bringing the warmness from Mother Hotty's oven, and scattering great waves of it all over the house—the walls, the ceilings, the floors.

Warmer and nicer and more comfortable it felt every minute. In the radiators sounded a quiet, contented little whistle. The Hotties always whistle very softly to themselves when they have got the better of the Coldies, and are bringing up the warmness.

Down in the cellar you could hear Mother Hotty's warm, faithful heart beating peacefully, and once in a while she chuckled, low and comfortably.

Gordy's House was all warm for the day.

XVIII

WHO DISCOVERED THE MAPLE SUGAR

A LONG, long time ago, when there was no one in the great forests but the Indians and the Animals, the Little Field Mouse lived in an open glade in the North Country. His name was Momee, and he was very happy. Food was plenty, water was near, and life was full of cozy things.

But one winter the snow fell frightfully deep, covering every possible thing to eat, and the cold lasted so long that the snow did not melt till very late in the year. It was the longest and hardest winter the Animals had ever known.

Long before the snow melted, Momee was hungry. He had used all his winter store of nuts and seeds, and there were no juicy roots and young shoots of green to be had.

In all the world around him, nothing showed above the deep snow but just the trees. And Momee could not eat them.

But at last came a day when he was so hungry that he felt as if he could even eat a tree.



He ran along over the hard, icy crust to the Fir Tree, standing so tall and dark, its sighing branches far above his sight. With his sharp little teeth, he nibbled a bit of the bark.

Oh, it was puckery! It was puckery and

pungent and dreadful. The Little Field Mouse had to rub his nose in the snow to take the sting away.

He ran away over the icy crust till he came to the Pine Tree, giant of the woods. There was always a little less snow and ice around the Pine Tree than anywhere else, because the Pine gave out warmth from its body. Momee nibbled a bit of Pine bark, close to the ground.

Oh, but it was sharp and shivery and horrid! It made his mouth burn and sting. He had to rub his tongue in the snow to take the taste away.

So he ran away over the icy crust till he came to the Hemlock Tree, standing with its brothers and shading all the deep gorge with its great soft branches. He nibbled a little of its bark, close to the ground.

Oh, oh, dear! It was so bitter and bad that the Little Field Mouse spat it out, quick as a wink, and took a whole mouthful of snow to wash the taste out. Whee, but it was bad!

The Little Field Mouse was so discouraged that he ran away home and didn't come back that day.

But the next day he was so hungry that he had to try again. He felt as if he could eat anything! So he ran along over the icy crust till he came to the Beech Tree, standing so stately with its silver trunk, near the Hemlock. And very carefully he nibbled at it, close to the ground.

It was not so very bad. It did not hurt his mouth, anyway, so he nibbled some more. But Beech Tree's bark was tough, and had no taste in particular, and after a while the Little Field Mouse decided it would not stop his hunger to nibble on that—not if he nibbled all night.

So he ran away over the icy crust till he came to the Maple Tree, with its cloudy gray stem, and its pleasant look. He nibbled a little at its bark very carefully.

Mmmmm! It was nice! It had a faint, sweet, fascinating flavor!

The Little Field Mouse nibbled some

more, very eagerly, and some more. It was truly good. It was a little sweet. He nibbled and nibbled, until he made a little hole through the outer bark; the sap came oozing out in a big drop. The Little Field Mouse licked it up. Oh, my! Oh, *my*! It was sweet, the sweetest thing that the Little Field Mouse had ever tasted. It was delicious.

The Little Field Mouse nibbled and licked, and the more he tasted the better he liked it. The sap oozed out of the hole he made, with that faint, delicious sweetness about it, like nothing else in the whole forest. And he ate till he was quite over being hungry.

Every day he came back and sipped his wonderful maple sap, and in a short time, long before the ground was bare enough to furnish other food, he began to grow fat and sleek.

One morning, as he was running along very early, he met Eagle Feather full in the path. Eagle Feather was ten years old, and son of the Chief Hunter of his tribe. He

was a nice boy, brave, and sharp-eyed, and kind.

“Hi, Little Brother,” he said to Momee. “How sleek you look, this hard winter! Had you so great store of nuts laid by?”

“No, Big Brother,” said the Little Field Mouse, “not nuts; I am fat with the sap of a tree.”

“Tease me not!” said Eagle Feather sharply.

“Nay, I do not tease,” said the Little Field Mouse very quickly. “See, I will show you.”

And he ran ahead of Eagle Feather to the Maple Grove. “This I have nibbled,” he said.

Eagle Feather looked and saw marks of nibbling on one tree and another.

“Is it good, Little Brother?” he asked.

“Most good,” said Momee. “Taste! There is enough sap in the forest for all.”

Eagle Feather bent and looked where a big drop of maple sap was shining on the bark. He touched it with his finger and put

his finger in his mouth. Then he grunted, a funny Indian grunt of surprise and pleasure. "It is sweet!" he said.

"Most sweet," said Momee.

Eagle Feather made a hole in the bark, with his sharp horn knife, above the nibbled place. As the sap oozed, he held his fingers to it, and tasted again.

"This thing is good drink," he said. "Keep you to your trees, Little Brother, and I will take those of the hillside; I have a thought."

So after the Little Field Mouse had run away home, Eagle Feather went swiftly to his father's lodge where his Granny lived and took care of him, and of her he begged one of the earthen water crocks.

Then he went back to the Maple Grove and drove a pointed piece of wood into the bark of the Maple Tree, to reach through to the sap. When he had a hole through, he shaped a kind of trough of wood and drove one end into the opening so that the sap would run down it. And below, he set the

earthen water crock begged from Granny. Into this the sap must run.

Next day as the brown-faced, sharp-eyed Grandmother sat at her lodge door weaving baskets, Eagle Feather came stepping slowly from the forest, bearing the earthen crock. Silently and mysteriously he set it down before Grandmother, and told her to taste it.

Granny tasted and found the sweet, faint, fascinating flavor delightful.

“What is it, and where from?” she asked.

“Sap of the Maple; ’tis a secret!” said Eagle Feather, his black eyes shining.

“Not harmful, then,” said the Grandmother, and tasted again. “Ugh! ’tis good drink,” she said then.

Eagle Feather was delighted. He felt very proud of himself, and very pleased to think there was so handy a supply of sweet for him.

Presently Grandmother looked up from her thoughts. “I believe this sap would be the sweeter for boiling,” she said. “I will try.”

That night was a wonderful meal for Eagle Feather and for his father, the mighty Hunter. On cakes, baked on hot stones, they ate the maple sap boiled down to a thick syrup. And it was good — ah, how good it was! Nothing like it had ever gone into Little Eagle Feather's mouth before. He ate and ate, till every bit was gone, and after the supper, though the moon was bright in the forest, and little Indians belonged under the furs, he stole forth with his crock and set it under the Maple Tree again.

Every day Granny boiled sap and every day they feasted, till the little Field Mouse was no fatter or sleeker than they.

Then, one day, Granny forgot to take the sap from the fire, because there was great excitement in the lodges; Great Bear had killed much moose at the hunt, and the village was full of talk.

When she remembered her cooking and ran to the fire, the sap had all boiled away to sugar! Granny looked at it in surprise, then she stirred some of it with a stick and

tasted it. *Then* she called Eagle Feather.

“Taste!” she said, and little Eagle Feather tasted.

“Oh, Granny!” he said. “Oh, Granny!” And his eyes shone like stars. “It is the best thing I have ever tasted. How made you that?”

“It is the Maple sap, cooked away,” said Granny. “Never have I eaten such sweetness.”

So from that day, all the spring, in the lodge of Eagle Feather’s father there was both syrup and sugar of Maple sap, and Eagle Feather ate to his heart’s content.

And that is the way we came to have Maple Sugar. But the Little Field Mouse discovered it first.

XIX

BEN FLICKER'S MISTAKE

DID you ever see any of the Flicker children at work? Any fine day in April, if you go where there are some big, old trees, you can hear one of them running his little steam drill. He carries it in his head, and it is kept busy all the time because all the Flicker family earn their living by drilling.

Ben Flicker lives just outside of the big city. He flies over a row of apartment buildings twenty times a day, but he doesn't care for them. He lives and works in a very nice, green place as quiet as the country woods. This place is the top of a hill, and there are only two or three houses there — very grand houses, as big as a City Hall. Around those houses are acres and acres of private park. The trees are very big, very old, and most of them have some bad branches or stubs.

The bad branches are marked with hundreds of little holes and lines. The lines

are the railroads of the Grubs who are mining and dining on the wood inside. Ben Flicker's family like that. Their daily job



is to drill holes straight into the wood wherever they see a Grub railroad. And when they get their sharp beaks in where Mr. Grub is dining — well, the Flicker does the dining, and Mr. Grub provides the dinner!

One day this spring, Ben Flicker had poor luck. He had tried his "tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut" on three different tree-limbs that looked good to him, only to be disappointed every time.

To make it worse, his sister Frill had made quite a meal in the same time. She had a kind, well-meant way of calling to him to come where she was, that always irritated Ben. He felt that he knew a Grub mine when he saw it, quite as well as any girl, and he wished she wouldn't try to tell him what to do! In fact, he usually wouldn't do what she said, even if he had intended to before she said it. Some brothers are like that.

So he was very cross, indeed, this morning. Frill called to him again.

"Oh, keep still," he muttered, and flew off without caring where.

Soon he found himself on the far side of the hill, where houses began. There were still trees and grass, but the Flickers usually stayed up where food was more plentiful.

Ben flew along, grumbling to himself. He was over a large, brown house, with pointed gable ends in its roof. The builder had finished off the pointed tops of the gables with copper covers, like two big caps. These were painted a dull, light green, and were very useful in preventing leaks where the roof was so pointed.

Ben glanced down. He saw something brown, and sticking up from it a stub of pale green. It was the nice, pale green color of well-decayed wood, full of Grubs.

If Ben had been thinking, he would have noticed that the stub was in a queer kind of tree. But Ben was thinking only of his grudge. Without a second glance, and thinking, "Now I'll beat her at it! Here's a feast!" he darted down on the green stub, poised himself on his toes, raised his powerful little steam drill of a head, and struck!

"*Tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut!*" It rang and reverberated like a kettledrum. Never before had a Flicker made such a noise, I

guess. Probably no Flicker had ever before tried to drill on copper!

Ben almost fell off the smooth stub. What was this? What sort of noise was he making? And how frightfully hard the limb was! Impatiently, crossly, he raised his head and struck harder.

Rubadubdubdubdubdubdubdub! You would have supposed it was Fourth of July.

And Ben's beak felt as if he had put it out of joint. His claws slipped on the smooth surface, and he almost toppled over. As he saved himself, he saw the ridgepole and the roof just below —

He was drilling for Grubs on a copper roof!

Ben gave one swift glance around, and silently, swiftly, he flew away from there. Oh, *how* he hoped Frill hadn't seen him! How he hoped no one had seen him!

As he flew, he heard his sister calling eagerly from a long way off. She had found a good place and wanted him to come.

Ben was so thankful no one had seen him

that he answered back, *quite* pleasantiy. And in a second he had flown off to join Frill.

But out in the road a little boy named Gordon, and his mother, were laughing with all their might, for though Frill had not seen Ben beating his copper kettledrum, they had!

XX

THE WHIMPER-WHINIES

ONE day Peter Rabbit woke up in the morning not feeling just right. He was not very pleasant at breakfast, and he was not very pleasant at play, and by and by while he was running, he happened to fall down; instead of jumping up and starting again, he began to scream. Mother Rabbit came running to the door, thinking he was badly hurt. She looked him all over and brushed off his jacket, and then she said,

“Peter, you shouldn’t cry like that for a little bump. Dry your eyes and play with Mary and Bunny. You have given Mother a fright for nothing.”

At luncheon, Peter was eating his bowl of broth and bread when Mary leaned over to show him what a nice bite of crust she had taken; she leaned too far, and upset a little of Peter’s soup. Instantly Peter began to scream again, “Mary has spilled all my soup!

Mary has spilled all my soup! Oh, dear!" You would have thought the soup was drowning him, or that he never expected to have any more. Mother Rabbit came hurrying in from the kitchen, where she was making a dessert, and looked to see what the trouble was. She saw a spot of soup on the table, and that was all.

"Peter," she said, "is all that noise because Mary spilled a little soup? I don't see anything to cry about."

But Peter whined and cried, and was not really pleasant all through luncheon. He quite spoiled the nice meal for the other Rabbits.

So it went on all the afternoon; the sunshiny Peter had gone far, far away. And the crying and whining seemed to be "catching," like measles; before night, Mary and Bunny had lost their sunny faces, too, and Mother Rabbit felt as if she were in the midst of a thunder shower. The worst came at bed time. Instead of coming happily to get into his comfortable bath

and his restful bed, Peter began to whine and whimper,

“I don’t want to go to bed. I want to stay up a little while! Please, Mother, oh, Mother!”

Now Mother Rabbit was a very kind mother, and she did not like to punish the little Rabbits, but she knew they would grow up to be perfectly horrid if she let them do things like this; so at last she said in a very stern voice to Peter,

“Peter, if you do not obey me at once, and without crying, you shall stay at home from the picnic to-morrow.”

Peter did stop then, but his face stayed all whiny and puckery, and his voice still sounded whimpery. When Mother Rabbit tucked him into his bed, she said,

“Peter dear, if you keep on this way you will be only fit to go to Whimper-Whiny Land; I should think you would dream of the Whimper-Whinies to-night.”

Well, Peter fell fast asleep, and he had a dream. This is what he dreamed. He was

walking quietly down a long green path in the woods, and all the light around him was greenish, not bright and goldy-flecked like daytime. Pretty soon he came to a round white stone beside the path. He walked past it, and there beside the big white stone stood a queer little creature. He was squatty and thin-legged, something like a frog, and he had the worst looking face! It was all puffed up and red, and his mouth was drawn down at the corners. He had red eyes, and a round red nose, and he looked as if he had cried forever and ever.

While Peter was looking at him he said, in a whiny, squeaky, teary voice,

“I was waiting for you, Peter; I was sure you would come to be one of us.”

“Who are you?” asked Peter.

“I am one of the Whimper-Whinies,” said the little creature, in his creaky, whiny voice; “this is Whimper-Whiny Land, you know.”

“I think I don’t like it,” said Peter doubtfully.



°PETER Rabbit MEETS the WHIMPER-WHINY°

“Well, you will have to stay, anyway,” said the Whimper-Whiny; “but I guess you will like it, for you are just like us.”

“Goodness,” thought Peter, “I hope I’m

not like you!" But he followed the little Whimper-Whiny along the path.

In a minute they came out into a grassy place among the trees, where the strange greenish light was stronger. Such a sound as there was there! Can you imagine dozens of naughty children all crying at once, and a half dozen pussy cats whining at the same time? That is what it sounded like. Peter put his hands to his ears, and stood still. Then he saw at the other side of the open place, a circle of little creatures like the Whimper-Whiny. They were back to him, but he could see that they seemed to be rubbing at their eyes, and they were all bending over.

"What are they doing?" he whispered to the Whimper-Whiny, as well as he could, for the noise.

"Oh, just crying a pond," said the Whimper-Whiny.

"Crying a pond!" said Peter. "What do you mean?"

The Whimper-Whiny drew his mouth

down still farther, as he listened to the screeching and whining. "I said, 'crying a pond,'" he said crossly; "if you don't understand English I can't help it, can I?"

Just then, the circle of little creatures broke up, and some of them came hopping and running to Peter. They were even worse than the first. Their eyes were redder, their noses more swelled, and their mouths curled farther down. Peter drew back, but they crowded round him, and pulled him along with them. Then he saw that they had been standing round a little pool of water. "You can help us now, Peter," they said; "we are making a new tear-pond. You see, we cry so much it is a pity to waste the tears, so we make ponds out of them." Then at once they began to whine and scream and cry again, bending over so the tears would drop in the pool.

Peter thought they were wretched little creatures; he wanted to go home; so he started away on the little path.

"Keep right on, for the luncheon house,"

the Whimper-Whinies called after him. "You will have to stay in our land now."

Peter ran on, in the green light, hoping to get out of Whimper-Whiny Land. He was hungry, and he wanted to get back where things were cheerful. But at a turn in the path he saw a big arbor, with tables set with many bowls and glasses, and pitchers that looked like home. That seemed better, and he walked right in and sat down.

But before he could see what was in the pitchers the Whimper-Whinies came running down the path and jumped into the chairs. Then began a pandemonium. The Whimper-Whinies grabbed the pitchers, and filled their bowls, and reached for bread — *most* rudely, without a single "please" or "thank you," and all the while they kept up a constant whining and whimpering. They cried, "You have my milk!" "You have more bread than I!" "I don't *want* that bowl!" and things like that. Peter was dreadfully ashamed of them, and he began to think he should get nothing to eat. But presently

they pushed the pitcher to him, and he filled his mug. He put it to his mouth, and started to drink. Ugh, it was sour milk!

“The milk is sour,” said Peter to his neighbor.

“Oh, yes, it always is,” said the Whimper-Whiny. “We cry so much, you know, it sours everything here; there is no sweet milk in Whimper-Whiny Land.”

“I am going home!” said Peter, getting off his chair.

“No, you can’t,” said the Whimper-Whinies; “you must be one of us now!”

Peter was dreadfully frightened. He wanted to get away as fast as he could. So he ran and ran, through the woods, putting his fingers in his ears to shut out the crying of the Whimper-Whinies.

Suddenly he stubbed his toe, and fell flat on the ground — and the thump woke him up, out of his dream!

He was in his own cozy bed, in the nice goldy-light, and Mother Rabbit was just opening his door to say “Good morning.”

Peter sat up and threw his arms round her neck. "Oh, Mother dear," he said, "don't let the Whimper-Whinies get me!"

Mother Rabbit began to laugh. "I guess you did dream of the Whimper-Whinies," she said.

"I don't want to go to Whimper-Whiny Land, Mother," said Peter.

"I should say not," said Mother, "and I don't want you to. Let's have a sunny face and a brave heart to-day, and never a whimper or a whine!"

"Yes, let's!" said Peter, and he jumped out of bed, and dressed himself quickly.

And all that day he took very good care not to act like a Whimper-Whiny, for he did not like their ways at all.

XXI

ONCE MORE IN THE CANOE

GORDON was glad that his family did not have to go home when the Wingates went. Camp was such fun, and the long days on the lakes with Gilbert seemed to go so fast! They were never long enough for Dick and Gordon.

Dick was no longer a passenger in the canoe. He paddled now with Gilbert, steadily and well. Gordon himself was allowed a turn at the paddle for a short time each day. Both boys felt at home in the woods; they had learned to walk quietly on the trails, to talk little and not loudly; to keep their eyes wide open for all the happy sights the woods could offer. They saw the big brown rabbit many a time, and Gordon told Mother afterward, "If he wasn't a perfect Peter Rabbit there never was one."

They saw deer again, and once a big one. They caught the chunky old grandfather

beaver bossing his dam-builders. "Funny, wise, little, old fat man," Dick called him.

The days went by like so many happy hours till it was only two days from the sad day of leaving camp.

That morning Gilbert took the two boys to the farthest, loveliest, sandiest lake shore of all. It was eleven o'clock when they reached it, and that would give them two whole hours to stay. Gordon's shoes and stockings came off so fast that it was like a speeded-up motion picture. Never was there such sand, so silver clean, so smoothly hard, so tenderly cool to the feet; not cold, just cool. Gordon could see every least little wave-pattern on the lake floor. He dug his toes in to feel how firm and smooth it was.

Now a tiny blue ripple came gently toward him; another, and then another. The pale looking-glass of the lake was growing less pale, more blue. Soon he would not be able to see the pattern on the sandy floor.

Always it was like that on the lakes. Just for a short time the water stayed clear as glass, then a wind would rise from somewhere and break the smooth surface into a million little waves. Gordon splashed his



° GORDON ON THE LAKE SHORE °

hands in the blue ripples, and rolled up his trousers as high as they would go.

He was tramping about, along the edge of the shore, singing to himself in his throaty

small voice, when suddenly he put his foot down on something sharp. A piercing pain shot through his toes.

Over on the beach Gilbert looked up. Gordon had stopped singing, and Gilbert's quick ears had heard a queer, surprised "oh." Gordon was trying to hop in the water; he was hopping, or limping, toward shore.

Gilbert went to meet him. "What is it, Gordon?" he called.

Gordon's voice sounded rather breathless. "Something bit me, or stuck me, or something," he said. "My foot hurts."

Gilbert's long smooth stride brought him to Gordon almost before the words were said. Dick started up from the fire he was feeding. "Anything the matter?" he asked.

Gordon was out of the water. He looked down at his foot. "Oh, Gilbert," he said shakily, "it's bleeding awful hard."

Gilbert took one look. One look was enough for the man who had spent his life in

the woods. But Gilbert's steady smile did not change, as Gordon's frightened eyes fastened on his friend's face. Steady, kind and encouraging, Gilbert's smile said, "All right, Gordon."

But Gilbert worked fast. "Open my pack, Dick," he called. "Get out the emergency kit."

No excitement in that voice, but something that made Dick's feet and fingers move at top speed.

Gordon was in Gilbert's arms. "Have to carry you, old man," said Gilbert cheerfully. "Keep the dirt out till we get you fixed up."

He carried Gordon so that the cut foot did not hang down. It throbbed in great heavy beats of pain. And at every throb the blood welled out frighteningly. Gordon looked at it. Suddenly he felt sick. The red blood, the throbbing, the blue lake, all went round and round, and then the ground seemed to go up and down, though Gilbert walked so carefully.

Gordon did not see how white Dick's face

grew when Gilbert laid him down tenderly, and Dick saw the hurt foot. He did not understand the short, quiet directions Gilbert gave Dick. He was feeling too dizzy. He felt Gilbert working over his foot and leg, and once he opened his eyes and saw Dick helping. But the lake and the woods were all going round now, and the throbbing was making drums beat in his ears.

The drums frightened Gordon. All at once he felt terribly alone, out there in the woods without Mother and Father. He lifted his head. "Am I—am I going to die?" he asked Gilbert, in a shaky gasp.

"No, indeed, not much," said Gilbert cheerfully. "You are going to be as right as right in another jiffy, when we get this bandage fixed. And when we get to Camp the doctor will make you as good as new. But keep your head quiet, just a minute more."

Dick smiled pluckily at his little brother, though his own lips felt stiff and cold. "You are all right, dear," he said. "Gil-

bert is used to cuts. He is always having to fix them up."

"I feel pretty queer," said Gordon faintly.

"Never mind, darling," said Dick, swallowing something that got in the way of his voice. "We are going to take you right home to Mother. You'll feel fine lying in the canoe."

XXII

THE RACE

GORDON did feel better, lying in the canoe. He was all tucked in, with his bandaged foot high up on a cushion. The wind on his face drove away the sick feeling. Gilbert and Dick were paddling, in wonderfully strong, even strokes.

“We’re going fast,” Gordon said. “We’re just flying!” His voice was full of croaky sounds. He cleared his throat hard. Then he felt bad in his head again.

“Don’t talk, Gordon,” said Gilbert easily. “Dick and I are trying out a new stroke and we must listen, to keep together. Maybe you can sleep a little.”

Fast, fast, almost flying!

Dick thought, “If we only could fly! If we only had a plane!” He said a prayer, silently, as he put all his strength into the paddle strokes. “Dear God, help us to get there! Help us to get there in time!”

Fast, fast! The steady dip and rise of the paddles, the steady chug and lap of the water under the canoe!

Gilbert spoke without turning his head. "Don't strain, Dick," he said. "We have a long way to go. Take it easy."

Dick had not known that he was breathing in gasps. He understood at once that Gilbert was right. He must use his strength wisely, like a portion of water that must last for many drinks. He steadied himself, watching Gilbert's steady shoulders, and the strong, quick swing of his paddle.

Fast, fast, out over the second lake. The first carry was safely past. A good deal of wind, now, but from behind them. How that wind helped! They were indeed flying along!

Gordon felt strangely sleepy. He thought drowsily, "We are racing, racing, racing with what? With the sky and the big fleecy clouds? Anyway, it is just like a race."

But down under the sweater that hid his

bandaged foot a red stain had peeked through, had spread just a little, had grown bolder, and was slowly reddening all the bandages. It was the red stain they were racing with.

Now the second carry was safely past. As Gilbert had lifted Gordon in his arms to carry him across, Dick had seen the wet, reddened bandage. But not a sound came from Dick's lips. Gilbert's eyes had met his. Dick saw that Gilbert knew all about that red stain, that he had done all he could do to stop it. Dick knew that Gilbert was saying to him, silently, "You must be a man, with me. This is a man's job. Don't frighten Gordon, but hurry, hurry!"

Inside Dick's heart a man rose up, and the frightened boy disappeared. Dick was a big brother, now, and Gilbert's reliable helper. He wrapped the sweater more closely, more lightly, so that Gordon should not see the wet, spreading, red stain. He did his part of the work of the carry quickly, watching Gilbert's least move, taking his

brief directions instantly. Once in a while he spoke, cheerfully, to Gordon.

On again, fast, fast! Once more the dip and rise of gleaming paddle blades, the chug and lap of water beneath the canoe. Once more the wind, but not so directly behind them on this course. Now it was a constant push to the left, tiring the arms. The steady effort was indeed a man's job. Dick's whole body was dripping with perspiration. His hands were cramped onto the paddle. Racing, racing! What a long race it was! Again he found himself praying, "Dear God, help us to win the race! Help us!"

Gordon was almost happy. His foot throbbed less sharply, and some of the sick feeling left him as he lay so still in the canoe. He had no wish to speak, or to move; not even to move his hands. It was strange and quite lovely to be lying so drowsily under the sky, and hear the lulling wind and water. How smart Dicky was to keep up with Gilbert's great stroke; Dicky

and Gilbert were racing; racing! That was a new stroke they were racing with, wasn't it? Such a grand race!

The thoughts went slipping through his mind like shiny drops slipping on and off the paddle blades. Racing, racing!



XXIII

HURRY, GILBERT

At the last carry, while Gilbert was taking him gently across in his big arms, Gordon suddenly spoke, in a startled, hoarse, little voice,

“My leg is all wet!”

“I should think it might be,” said Gilbert quietly. “Dick splashed right smart that last mile. Lucky he didn’t wet you all over!”

“Oh, was that it?” asked Gordon, in his queer little new voice. “I thought maybe ——”

“I’m so sorry, bruddy,” said Dick quickly. “I will cover you all up warm, and the water won’t matter.”

The water! Dick knew, and Gilbert knew, what was making that little leg so wet. Not water, ah, no! Now, indeed, they must race, for the red stain was gaining on them.

The kind wind was once more at their backs. It drove them at triple speed over the waves. No need to hold back strength, now; the camp is only a mile away. Put all you've got into it, Dick! All the strength that football and swimming and tennis and wrestling have given you! Look, how Gilbert's whole body drives the paddle! The canoe is alive! It flies!



What a race! Stroke! Stroke! Stroke! Dick's head is humming with fatigue. His back feels as if it would never bend again.

But his arms sweep out and jerk back with almost the steel power of Gilbert's. He knows what they are racing for — the wind and Gilbert and he. They are racing for the prize of little Gordon's life! And the red stain, so dripping wet, now, is their swift, relentless enemy.

Stroke! Stroke! Stroke!

Now the Camp is in sight. Oh, if the folks would only see them, and be at the wharf to help! If only precious time need not be lost! Almost there, almost there!

No one is at the shore. Dick can see the wharf now, so tiny on the long shore. No one is down on the beach.

As this thought comes to Dick, Gilbert raises his head and gives a long, clear hail. Not a break in the steady paddling, but again and again, at short intervals, that insistent call. It seems to say, "Come, Come! We need you!"

Dick is panting now. He cannot look again. His head is bent to his task.

Way up at the Camp club house a man's

figure shows on the veranda. Something glistens in the sun as the man raises the big field glass to his eyes. He stands very still, looking, looking. Then he moves, and speaks quickly to some one within. "Better come down to the shore. That is Gilbert calling. Something wrong, there; pick up the Doctor on the way, will you? Better be on the safe side."

They are at the wharf, at last. At last! And kind hands are there to help; kind voices, quickly hushed as the men see Gordon's closed eyes, in his small white face, and the bandaged foot, where the red stain has soaked through the sweater.

Gordon is very drowsy. He feels them lift him out of the canoe, but very faintly. He does not know whether it is another carry, or home. Everything seems far away and unimportant. Better to sleep.

Now Dr. Slattery is there. Gilbert had kept that one blessed hope close in his mind all the long way home. Dr. Slattery had had trouble with his bad knee for a

week, and was sure to be reading or writing in his cabin, while his luckier friends fished.

Yes, Dr. Slattery is there, with his surgeon's skill and his trusty bag of needful things. Skillful, helpful women's hands are there to assist him. Hot water, clean bandages, all the dear, safe home comforts are there, though it is a camp in the Great Woods.

And so, when Dr. Slattery's work had been swiftly, carefully, splendidly done, the race was won. The red stain, defeated, was washed away for good, and the precious prize of Gordon's life was safe from the enemy.



XXIV

AFTER THE RACE

WHEN Gordon woke from the heavy, heavy sleep, he was lying in his own bed in their little cabin, and Mother was sitting by him. Father was standing by the bedroom door, and Dr. Slattery was talking to him. Mother's face was almost as white as Gordon's, but her smile was so sweet that Gordon did not see anything else. He smiled back at her, but he did not want to speak. He did not want to move, either. He felt very weak, and very strange, and presently he went to sleep again.

In the next room Dick was waiting. Dick was sitting with his head in his hands. But when Dr. Slattery and Father came out, he jumped up and stood very still, looking at Dr. Slattery.

"He's all right, young man," Dr. Slattery said quickly. "Absolutely all right. In a week or so he will be like himself again."

Then he put his hand on Dick's shoulder and added gently, "Thanks to Gilbert and you."



Dick tried to speak, but could not; tried to smile, but could not. The man that had risen up in his boy heart to do the man's job, had stepped out, somewhere, it seemed, for suddenly Dick was crying. It was just for a moment. Then the good old Dicky-smile shone out, and Dick was himself again. "That old canoe sure did travel," he said huskily.

Dick's father put his arm about his shoul-

ders and held him close for a long moment. He said nothing at all. But Dick understood.

Gilbert was waiting outside. So were many of the other campers, for they all loved Gordon. Gilbert's dark, handsome face broke into a glad smile when he heard the news that Gordon would get well. He said, simply, "That's good," but the words sounded like a thanksgiving. And he added to Dick, "That is one more time that the old emergency kit came in handy."

Dr. Slattery said, "Yes, but it makes some difference who uses the emergency kit. That was nice work, Gilbert; very nice work."

Gilbert looked pleased.

"Mrs. Hall wants to see you, Gilbert," said Father then. "Will you come in?"

Father and Gilbert went into Gordon's room and shut the door. And nobody heard what Mother and Father said to Gilbert. But I must tell you, now, that after the Halls went back to the city, Gilbert was wearing a

beautiful gold watch, which bore an inscription inside its cover. The inscription read:

From Gordon
to
Gilbert
In memory of
August 30, 1927

Gilbert was very proud of that watch!

It seemed strange to Gordon, after getting so strong and well from whooping cough, to be lying in bed once more, feeling so very, very weak, and having Mother bring him so many nice things to eat, and so many cups of hot broth and glasses of milk. The red-stain enemy had taken away a great deal of Gordon's healthy blood, before Dr. Slattery halted it. And now rest and nourishing food must make more blood to bring the color back to his cheeks, and the strength to his body.

The hurt foot could not be moved much, for a while. Once a day Dr. Slattery came and took care of it. And when Gordon grew tired of its stillness and stiffness,

propped up as it was, Mother came and gently rubbed his knee, and as far down as the bandages.

“Well, anyway,” said Gordon suddenly, the morning after the race, “anyway we can stay in Camp longer, can’t we?”

“Yes,” said Mother.

“And being in bed is a good time for stories,” said Gordon, cocking one eyebrow up at his mother. His voice was stronger this morning, but his eyes still looked enormously big and dark in his pale face.

“Yes,” said Mother again, smiling.

Of course it was a good time for stories. Mother had read and told almost all the stories she knew when Gordon had whooping-cough, but he did not mind hearing them again.

And sometimes Mother thought of a new one. The next stories are the new ones she told Gordon.

XXV

THE FLY-AWAY HAT

ONCE there were two small girls who wanted new hats. They both wanted white straw hats with flowers around the crown.

One of the little girls was named Betty Long. She lived with her mother and father in a big, white house near a large city.

The other small girl was named Betsy Short. She lived with her grandmother and her aunt in a wee, brown house at the side of the road, “’way down in Maine.” No city was near, and the next town was ten miles away.

All summer the road hummed with the fast motors of the city people, hurrying to their vacations by the sea and in the mountains. In winter the road was like a frosty ribbon a mile long, tying the little brown house to school and church.

One warm June day, Betty Long said to her mother, “Mother dearest, I wish I had

a big, white hat with lots of flowers on it.” Her mother smiled and said, “We will get one to-morrow in Boston.”

And they did get one next day in Boston. It was a charming hat. A wreath of French flowers lay on its broad brim, pink, yellow, blue and lavender. And the brim drooped prettily over Betty’s rosy face and smooth brown hair.

That very day Betsy Short said to her aunt, “I wish I had a new hat, Auntie; I wish I had a *white* hat with flowers on it.” Aunt Ellen smiled a kind, tired smile, and said, “I wish you had, Betsy, but you know Grandma’s medicine took every cent I got from the eggs. And there’s no washing to do till the summer folks come at ‘The Corners.’ I guess you’ll have to do with the old one this year.”

So Betsy went upstairs and took out the three-year-old blue straw, and dusted it, and turned the faded ribbon one more time. And she put it on her fair, curly hair, where it perched stiffly.

Then she cried a little, for it was an ugly hat, and Betsy loved pretty things. After a while she wiped her eyes and went downstairs, smiling, for Auntie had enough to bear without seeing a disappointed face.

On Saturday, two weeks later, Mr. and Mrs. Long and Betty were on their way to their summer home. Betty sat alone on the back seat of the touring car, and Mother sat with Father, who drove. The cool, refreshing wind blew against Betty's cheek, and flapped the broad white hat-brim in her eyes.

Betty wished she had taken Mother's advice and worn the small traveling hat. Mother had not said "do," but she had said "I would." Betty knew that she herself should have said, "Then I will, Mother." So now she did not want Mother to see that the wide brim made her uncomfortable.

After a while she took off her hat, and held it on her lap. Then she laid it down on the seat beside her. The wind blew, the car hummed smoothly along, Betty was happy.

The pretty white hat lay quietly on the

seat like a gay bird on a bough. Sometimes it fluttered in the wind, and raised its brim like a wing. After a while the wind blew more strongly. It was so cool and fragrant that it made Betty drowsy. She took a nap, curled against the deep cushions.

A gust of wind puffed itself under the white hat. The brim flapped again, more like a wing. That made the gust of wind gay, and it came back, with two of its brothers. They ran under the flapping brim, lifted the hat high in the air—and carried it soaring out of the car, and away!

Nobody saw, nobody heard. Betty slept on.

Soaring like a bird, the lovely hat flew over the dusty road, across some grass, and past a wee, brown house. Just over the lilac bush, behind the wee, brown house, the teasing winds dropped it, and ran away after something else.

The white hat fell into the branches, and was held there, a posy of pink, blue, yellow and lavender.

At one o'clock, Mother's merry voice waked Betty. "Wake up, dear," she said. "We're going to have dinner before we go on the ferry. Put on your hat to go into the hotel."

Betty opened her eyes and sat up.

"All right," she said sleepily. Then she sat up straighter and looked at the seat beside her. Her eyes opened wider, and she sat up very straight indeed, and began to move the bags at her feet.

"Where's my hat?" she asked. "Did you take it, Mummy?"

"Why no, dear," said her mother. "Isn't it right there? Where did you put it?"

"I laid it on the seat," said Betty. "I think I have been asleep. It must have fallen under the rugs."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Long. "It will be crushed. Make haste and rescue it, Betty!"

Betty made haste. She took up all the rugs, and lifted all the coats. Then Father Long came back with her and lifted every single thing out of its place and back again.

But alas! No pretty white hat with a wreath of flowers was there. No pretty white hat was in the car, anywhere. It was lost.

"The wind was rather strong," said Father thoughtfully. "I'm afraid your hat blew out on the road across the marshes, Betty."

"Shall we go back?" asked Mother.

Father shook his head. "No use, dear," he said. "It may be thirty miles back, or a mile out to sea. We will leave a notice and a reward in the post office here, in case some car behind us picked it up."

Betty's face was very pink, and her lips shut very tight together. She took her handkerchief from her pocket and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"It is all my fault, Mother," she said in a shaky voice. "If I had worn the traveling hat as you wanted me to, it would not have happened."

"I am sorry, dear," said Mrs. Long. "Very sorry!"

"It was *such* a pretty hat!" said Betty,

still more shakily. "But I'm sorriest that I was so careless."

Father Long and Mother Long said nothing. Each of them knew that the other wanted to say, "You shall have another."

But they knew that Betty must learn to be careful, and to pay attention to Mother's suggestions. So they very sorrily said nothing.

Soon Betty wiped away her tears and smiled at them. "I'll wear the little hat all summer for punishment," she said. "Anyway, it is pretty enough."

Father squeezed her hand. Mother wiped her own eyes, and said, "Maybe we shall get it back."

But Betty shook her head. She felt that the white hat was gone forever. Only once as they sat at dinner did she speak of it again.

Then she said, "Mummy, darling, do you know what I wish?"

"No, what?" asked mother.

"I wish some poor little girl that never

had a lovely hat could find mine, and enjoy it."

"I wish so, too," said Mrs. Long.

And then they talked of other things. For there was always so much to enjoy on the trip to Maine that no one could grieve long about a lost hat.

At about the time Betty Long was eating her dinner at the hotel, Betsy Short's aunt said to her, "Get a pail of water, Betsy; dinner is ready."

Betsy ran out of the kitchen into the yard. The old well beside the lilac tree was always full of cold clear water, and the pail with its long rope stood ready at the side.

Aunt Ellen was putting dinner on the table at the kitchen window.

Suddenly the door burst open and Betsy's voice startled Aunt Ellen. It was a choky voice, excited and spluttery.

"Auntie, oh, Auntie, l-l-ook!" Betsy cried. In her hands she was holding up—not a pail of water, but a big, white, straw hat with a wreath of flowers on it!



“Auntie, it was on the lilac bush,” she said. “On the lilac bush — like a bouquet! I thought it was flowers. Oh, Auntie, look; did you ever see anything so grand?”

Aunt Ellen took the hat carefully. “For

the land's sake!" she said. "It is handsome. How do you suppose it came on the lilac bush?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! Isn't it lovely? Perhaps the fairies put it there. Look at the flowers, Auntie, and the ribbon."

"Run out and look, child," said her aunt. "There must be folks here. Some one must have just taken it off."

"There aren't any folks," said Betsy. "I looked all round. I ran round the house and behind the clump of bushes. There isn't *anybody*."

Aunt Ellen stepped to the door and looked up and down the yard; up and down the street. Cars went whizzing by every few minutes. Nobody in them so much as looked at the little brown house.

"Betsy, child," said Aunt Ellen suddenly, "I'm thinking that hat flew off some child's lap in an automobile. The way they go by here, a million miles a minute, it's a wonder everything doesn't fly out."

“Oh, but, Auntie, it couldn’t have flown right into my lilac tree,” said Betsy. “It couldn’t have! Auntie, did you *ever* see anything so pretty as it is?”

“I never saw a nicer hat for a little girl,” said Aunt Ellen soberly. She was thinking how nice *her* little girl would look in such a hat. “Seems just made for a little girl’s face.”

Betsy lifted the hat suddenly, and set it on her own curly head. “Does it look nice on me?” she asked eagerly.

Aunt Ellen looked at the rosy little face under the big flowery brim, and swallowed hard. “Yes, it does,” she said. “But it isn’t yours, Betsy. And the more we look at it the harder it’ll be, when the owner comes for it. You take it off, child, and sit right out by the road, an’ hold it. The folks that lost it won’t be long getting back to look for it. They’ll be real thankful to see it again.”

Betsy’s lips quivered, and she hung her head. But she went slowly out of the house

and sat down by the road, holding the lovely hat in her lap, for all to see.

She sat there for half an hour, looking down at the beautiful flowers and listening for the car, *the* car, to stop. She listened for a voice to say, "Why, *there's* my hat; that little girl's got it."

But no car stopped. Then Aunt Ellen came out and sent her in to eat her dinner. "I'll sit here and hold the hat," said Aunt Ellen.

All that long afternoon, a curly-haired little girl in a brown gingham dress sat by the roadside, holding a beautiful flowery hat in her lap. Once in a while some motorist looked at her. Then she looked up, in a frightened way. But no one stopped, no one said, "*There's* my hat."

In the evening, Aunt Ellen said, "My, how foolish we are! That hat's got the name of some big store in it, most likely. We can write there and ask who bought it."

But they found no name inside. Aunt Ellen could not know that Mrs. Long's mil-

liner had put an extra lining in the hat, at the last minute, so it would fit Betty's smooth head better. Carefully hidden under the second lining there *was* a name. But if she had seen it, Aunt Ellen would not have known where to write, for the name was "Clotilde." And what did Aunt Ellen know about "Clotilde?" Just nothing at all.

So at last, after days of expecting some one to stop, and after putting a card in the post office in big letters, "Found, a hat," even Aunt Ellen saw that nobody was coming to claim the lovely hat with its wreath of flowers.

"I don't see any way to find out who owned it," she said, one day. "And I'm going to say you can keep it, Betsy. Seems almost as if it was sent you."

"Oh, Auntie!" Betsy said. That was all. But if there *had* been fairies in the lilac bush, and if they *had* looked in at Betsy's window that afternoon, they would have seen the happiest little girl in all the

State of Maine holding in her hands a big, white hat with a wreath of flowers on it. And they would have heard her say softly, "Thanks, *thanks*, dear little other girl, wherever you are. And I do hope you're a rich child and don't need this lovely hat."

Then maybe the fairies would have flown to Betty Long's summer home and peeked in at her window. And they would have seen another perfectly happy little girl, pulling on a white middy hat, to go sailing. And they would have heard her say,

"Mummy dear, I haven't missed my lovely hat a bit; I don't need it here. Don't you *hope* some nice poor child got it?"

So, you see, *that* was all right.

XXVI

THE WISE LITTLE AUTOMOBILE

ONCE there was a Little Black Automobile. It had a short, stubby nose and two round, bright eyes. Sometimes it shut one eye, and winked at a Policeman. The Policeman always came and spoke to its driver when the Little Automobile winked. The Little Automobile looked very sad when the Policeman came, but as soon as he went away it winked again.

The Little Automobile had a Merry Young Driver. They went on many drives together, and understood each other very well. The Merry Young Driver never forgot to give the Little Automobile a good big drink of cool water when it got hot from running. And he never forgot that the Little Automobile's gas tank was small; he filled it often.

Sometimes he did get cross when the Little Automobile winked its eye at the

Policeman. He said, "If I could once find out what ails that blinking lamp of yours, I would give a dollar."



But he never did find out. So he kept his dollar.

And the Little Automobile was faithful and good. It ran and ran, on its four little wheels, wherever he wanted it to go, uphill, downhill, *zuzzy-zuzz-zuzz*, all the day long. It stopped the instant he wanted it to stop, *Zziz*.

Close beside the Little Automobile in the garage at night stood a Big Gray Automobile. Its driver was big and gray, too. He was not so merry as the Young Driver. A small Gray Lady drove with him often.

The Big Gray Automobile was also faithful and good. It went, quietly, quietly, on its four big wheels, wherever its driver wanted. It stopped, quietly, quietly, whenever its driver wanted..

But one day something broke in the Big Gray Automobile's works. The man who mends broken automobile works said, "It will take two days to mend this."

"We can't wait two days," said the Big Gray Driver. "We are going to the Cape to-day." He was very sorry.

"Take my car," said the Merry Young Driver. "It is little, but it goes. I don't need it for two days."

"Oh, we must not do that, it would rob you," said the small Gray Lady.

"Not at all," said the Merry Young Driver. "Please take it."

The Little Automobile wanted very much to go to the Cape. It always wanted to go everywhere, *zuzzy-zuzz-zuzz*. It stood firmly on its small wheels, and looked very reliable with its small nose, to show the Big Gray Driver how good it was.

So the Gray Driver and his Gray Lady thanked the Merry Young Driver very much, and took the Little Automobile.

The Merry Young Driver filled the gas tank and gave the Little Automobile a big drink. He said,

“Don’t forget to give her water. She’s no camel, like yours.” (Camels go a long time on one drink.)

The Little Automobile chuckled. It admired the Big Gray Car, but it did like a joke.

“We will not forget,” said the Gray Lady, smiling.

So they started off, *zuzzy-zuzz-zuzz*, for the Cape.

Somehow the Big Gray Driver and his small Gray Lady grew merry as they drove

in the Little Automobile. Soon they were laughing and joking, just like Young Drivers. Maybe it was the Little Automobile that did it. They had a beautiful time, and so did the Little Automobile.

But the Gray Driver was used to a Big Gray Automobile with a big, big gas tank. The Big Gray Automobile could run for miles and miles, all day long, without using all the gas in its tank. The Big Gray Driver forgot that the Little Automobile's gas tank was so small, so very, very small.

Twilight came. The Little Automobile was at a fork in the roads. To the right, the main road led smoothly along through some bright little towns; houses and farms and shops showed in the distance. To the left, the country road wound away, promising beautiful fields and woods and a glowing sunset.

The Driver said to the Gray Lady, "Both roads lead to Capeville, where we planned to spend the night. Which shall we take?"

The Little Automobile grieved. "Oh,"

it thought, "why don't they look in my tank? Of course, we must take the town road! Dear, dear!"

The Lady hesitated. "The woods road is prettier," she said, "but perhaps it is too long?"

"Oh, no," said the Driver. "We can get to Capeville before dark."

"Can we?" thought the Little Automobile. "Can we, indeed! If you looked in my tank you wouldn't talk like that!"

"Well, which shall it be?" asked the Driver, smiling. "I don't care."

The Little Automobile was desperate. Then it had a thought. The town road started downhill; the country road started uphill. Suddenly, the Little Automobile began to slide gently downhill; the Driver had forgotten the brake for a moment.

The Lady said, laughingly, "There, the little car has decided on the town road! Let it be that way."

So they drove along, downhill, *zuzzy-zuzz-zuzz*—

The Little Automobile tried and tried to tell the Driver about its tank. But the Big Driver was not used to the Little Automobile's whisper; he did not listen. The Merry Young Driver would have heard it, at once.

On and on they drove. The Little Automobile ran faster and faster, desperately trying to get somewhere — somewhere. Now he was *almost* there. Ah! It was no use! He — could — not ———

Suddenly, the Little Automobile slowed, and stopped. Quite gently, without the least splutter, it stopped.

“Why, what can be the matter?” asked the Gray Lady. “Nothing has sounded wrong.”

The Driver groaned. “I don't know a thing about these engines,” he said. “It might be anything. But I will take a look.”

“You know all about the Gray Car,” said the Lady hopefully.

“That is different,” said the Driver. “I don't know what to look for in this one.”

All at once the Lady said, "Dear! You don't *suppose* we could be out of gas, do you?"

"No, we filled up at noon," said the Driver.

"Yes, but perhaps this tank is so very small?" said the Lady.

"That is so!" said the Driver. "I will just have a look." The next minute he was looking. And then he said, "Well, well; that is all that is the matter; we are out of gas."

Suddenly the Lady began to laugh. She laughed so loudly and merrily that the Driver was quite startled.

"Look, dear, *look!*" the Lady said. "Just look where we are!"

The Driver looked. They were almost at the very entrance of a gasoline station! Just a few steps away were the bright red posts and tanks, and the little office building.

"Well, I never!" said the Driver. "What luck!"

But the Lady kept on laughing. "The

blessed, wise Little Black Automobile," she said. "It would not let us go on the country road, and it brought us almost to the gas tank, before it gave out!"

"We should have been in a mess if we had taken the country road!" said the driver.

He walked over to the gasoline station and got gas, and filled the Little Automobile's tank.

While he was doing it the Lady spoke in a murmur to the Little Automobile. There was a laugh in her voice and it was very pleasant-sounding. She said,

"You dear, funny, smart little car, I shall always be fond of you, after this."

The Little Black Automobile was proud as proud. When the tank was full and the Driver started the engine, it started off with a long chuckle of satisfaction.

"Zuzz-zuzz-zuzzzy-zuzz-zuzz!" it said.

And it thought, "I am a wise little car! I am smart, I am! Ha, won't I have fun with the Policemen to-night? Won't I just wink my eye! Oh, my! *Zuzzzy-zuzz-zuzz!*"

XXVII

THE BRAHMIN, THE TIGER, AND THE JACKAL
Do you know what a Brahmin is? A Brahmin is a very good and gentle kind of man who lives in India, and who treats all the beasts like brothers. There is a great deal more to know about Brahmins, but that is enough for this story.

One day a Brahmin was walking along a country road when he came upon a Tiger, shut up in a strong iron cage. The villagers had caught the Tiger and shut him up there for his wickedness.

“Oh, Brother Brahmin, Brother Brahmin,” said the Tiger, “please let me out, to get a little drink! I am so thirsty, and there is no water here.”

“But, Brother Tiger,” said the Brahmin, “if I should let you out, you would spring on me and eat me up.”

“Never, Brother Brahmin!” said the Tiger. “Never in the world would I do such an un-

grateful thing! Just let me out a little minute, to get a little, little drink of water, Brother Brahmin!”

So the Brahmin unlocked the door and let the Tiger out. The moment he was out he sprang on the Brahmin, and was about to eat him up.

“But, Brother Tiger,” said the Brahmin, “you promised you would not. It is not fair or just that you should eat me, when I set you free.”

“It is perfectly right and just,” said the Tiger, “and I shall eat you up.”

However, the Brahmin said so much and begged so hard that at last the Tiger agreed to ask the first five whom they should meet, whether it was fair for him to eat the Brahmin. He promised to do as they decided.

The first thing they came to, to ask, was an old Banyan Tree, by the wayside.

“Brother Banyan,” said the Brahmin eagerly, “does it seem to you right or just that this Tiger should eat me, after I set him free from his cage?”

The Banyan Tree looked down at them and spoke in a tired voice.

“In the summer,” he said, “when the sun is hot, men come and sit in my shade and refresh themselves with the fruit of my branches. But when evening falls, and they are rested, they break my twigs and scatter my leaves, and stone my boughs for more fruit. Men are an ungrateful race. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin.”

The Tiger sprang to eat the Brahmin, but the Brahmin said:

“Wait, wait; we have asked only one. We have still four to ask.”

Presently they came to a place where an old Bullock was lying by the road. The Brahmin went up to him and said,

“Brother Bullock, oh, Brother Bullock, does it seem to you a fair thing that this Tiger should eat me up, after I have just freed him from a cage?”

The Bullock looked up, and answered in a deep, grumbling voice:

“When I was young and strong my master

used me hard, and I served him well. I carried heavy loads and carried them far. Now that I am old and weak and cannot work, he leaves me without food or water, to die by the wayside. Men are a thankless lot. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin."

The Tiger was about to spring, but the Brahmin spoke very quickly:

"Oh, but this is only the second, Brother Tiger; you promised to ask five."

The Tiger grumbled a good deal, but at last he went on again with the Brahmin. And after a time they saw an Eagle, high overhead. The Brahmin called up to him imploringly:

"Oh, Brother Eagle, Brother Eagle! Tell us if it seems to you fair that this Tiger should eat me up, when I have just saved him from a frightful cage?"

The Eagle soared slowly overhead a moment, then he came lower, and spoke in a thin clear voice.

"I live high in the air," he said, "and I do not harm men. Yet as often as they find

my nest men stone my young and rob my nest and shoot at me with arrows. Men are a cruel breed. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin!”

The Tiger sprang upon the Brahmin, to eat him up; and this time the Brahmin had very hard work to persuade him to wait. At last he did persuade him, however, and they walked on together. And in a little while they saw an old Alligator, lying half buried in mud and slime, at the river's edge.

“Brother Alligator, oh, Brother Alligator!” said the Brahmin, “does it seem at all right or fair to you that this Tiger should eat me up, when I have just let him out of a cage?”

The old Alligator turned in the mud, and grunted, and snorted; then he said:

“I lie here in the mud all day, as harmless as a pigeon; I hunt no man, yet every time a man sees me, he throws stones at me, and pokes me with sharp sticks, and jeers at me. Men are a worthless lot. Let the Tiger eat the Brahmin!”

At this the Tiger was bound to eat the Brahmin at once. The poor Brahmin had to remind him, again and again, that they had asked only four.

“Wait till we have asked one more! Wait until we see a fifth!” he begged.

Finally, the Tiger walked on with him.

After a time, they met the little Jackal, coming gayly down the road toward them.

“Oh, Brother Jackal, dear Brother Jackal,” said the Brahmin, “give us your opinion! Do you think it is right or fair that this Tiger should eat me, when I set him free from a terrible cage?”

“Beg pardon?” said the little Jackal.

“I said,” said the Brahmin, raising his voice, “do you think it is fair that the Tiger should eat me, when I set him free from his cage?”

“Cage?” said the little Jackal, with a stupid air.

“Yes, yes, his cage,” asked the Brahmin. “We want your opinion. Do you think —”

“Oh,” said the little Jackal, “you want

my opinion? Then may I beg you to speak a little more loudly, and make the matter quite clear? I am a little slow of understanding. Now what was it?"

"Do you think," said the Brahmin slowly, "it is right for this Tiger to eat me, when I set him free from his cage?"

"What cage?" asked the little Jackal.

"Why, the cage he was in," said the Brahmin.

"But I do not understand," said the little Jackal. "You 'set him free,' you say?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" said the Brahmin. "It was this way: I was walking along, and I saw the Tiger."

"Oh, dear, dear!" interrupted the little Jackal; "I never can see through it, if you go on like that, with a long story. If you really want my opinion you must make the matter plain and clear. What sort of cage was it?"

"Why, a big, ordinary cage, an iron cage," said the Brahmin.

"That gives me no idea at all," said the

little Jackal. "If we are to get on with this matter you had best show me the spot. Then I can understand easily. Show me the cage."

So the Brahmin, the Tiger, and the little Jackal walked back together to the spot where the cage was.

"Now, let me understand the situation," said the little Jackal. "Brahmin, where were you?"

"I stood here by the roadside," said the Brahmin.

"Tiger, where were you?" asked the little Jackal.

"Why, in the cage, of course," roared the Tiger.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Father Tiger," said the little Jackal, "I really am *so* stupid; I cannot quite understand what happened. If you will have a little patience—*how* were you in the cage? Were you standing or lying?"

"I stood here," said the Tiger, leaping into the cage, "with my head over my shoulder, so."

“Oh, thank you, thank you,” said the little Jackal, “that makes it *much* clearer; but I still don’t *quite* understand — why did you not come out, by yourself?”

“Can’t you see that the door shut me in?” roared the Tiger.

“Oh, I do beg your pardon,” said the little Jackal. “I know I am very slow; I can never understand things well unless I see them. If you could show me exactly how that door works, I am sure I could understand. How does it shut?”

“It shuts like this,” said the Brahmin, shutting it.

“Yes; but I don’t see any lock,” said the little Jackal, “does it lock on the outside?”

“It locks like this,” said the Brahmin. And he bolted the door!

“Oh, does it, indeed?” said the little Jackal. “Does it, *indeed*! Well, Brother Brahmin, now that it is locked, I should advise you to let it stay locked! As for you, my friend,” he said to the Tiger, “I



°The BRAHMIN, the TIGER, and the JACKAL°

think you will wait a good while before you find any one to let you out again!"

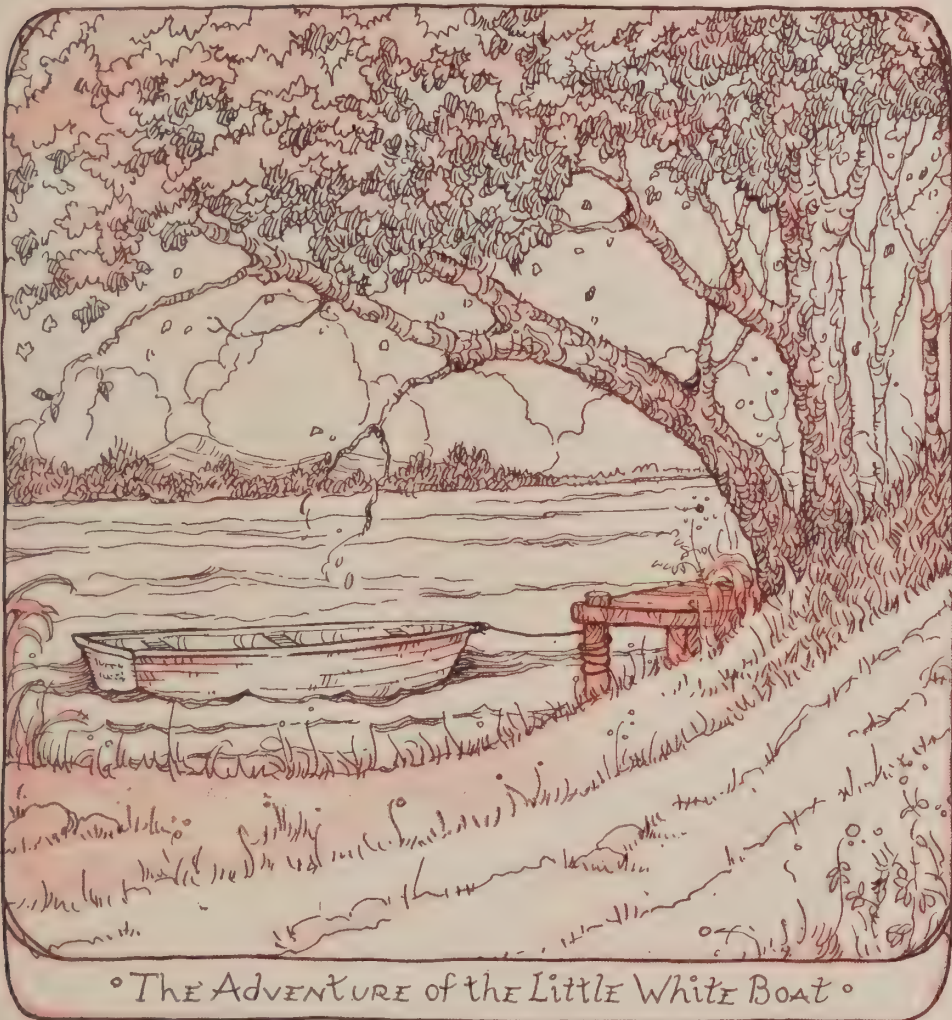
Then he made a very low bow to the Brahmin.

"Good-bye, Brother," he said. "Your way lies in that direction, and mine lies in this: good-bye!"

XXVIII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE
WHITE BOAT

A LITTLE white boat lived by the side of the pine woods, on the blue bay. All summer it was tied with a strong rope to the float,



° THE ADVENTURE OF THE LITTLE WHITE BOAT °

and bobbed up and down on the gentle tide.

One day, Daddy took the children for a

row in it and they landed on a small island near the shore. While the children looked for shells, Daddy tied the little boat to a stone, and it enjoyed itself playing with the curly waves.

Soon, with a swish and a swash, along came a big motor boat named "If."

"Want to go for a ride?" called its owner to Daddy.

"Yes, indeed," said Daddy, and "Yes, indeed," said the children. "Yes, indeed," thought the little white boat, too.

So they tied the little boat behind the big boat, and off they flew, with a swish and a swash.

That was a grand ride for the little white boat! Never had it gone so fast or so far. They went the whole length of the bay, to the ocean's mouth, and back again, and they passed every boat on the way. Oh, it was fine!

"Hurrah for the 'If'!" said the children.

"Good for the 'If'!" said Daddy.

“How grand the ‘If’ is!” thought the little rowboat.

By and by they came home to the float. The little white boat was tied up, and “If” sailed away, and Daddy and the children went up to the house.

The little rowboat was all alone. It was very excited and happy, and full of thoughts.

“Oh,” it thought, “if I could only have another ride like that! If I could only go so fast! If I had an engine inside of me! If I could go alone, without some one to pull me! If—if—if——”

The little rowboat grew tired and dozed off.

The little rowboat woke up with a bounce, and a bob, for the wind had risen and so had the waves. The stars were shining, and the beach was making a whispering sound.

“How bright the sky is,” thought the little boat. “I wish I could take a little ride! If——”

It began to wonder and to think of all the big “Ifs,” till it grew very restless and

eager. It pulled and tugged, and bobbed about, jerking at its rope, and shaking its prow.

All of a sudden the rope broke, and the little white boat was free! It began to move, faster and faster, without any one pulling it. The wind and tide helped it along.

“Now I shall have a ride! Now I shall go by myself!” it thought.

It was so happy, so happy, out in the starlight alone, flying along! Past the pine woods, past the boat club, past the gasoline float it went. What an adventure!

Soon the wind blew harder, and puffed some clouds over the sky.

After a while there were no stars left, and the bay was very dark indeed. And the wind blew harder than ever. It blew so hard that the waves splashed inside of the little white boat, and it bounced and bobbed so much that it began to be tired.

“I think I should like to go home now,” it thought.

But it could not turn round. The wind would not let it. On and on it went, rolling and bobbing, in the dark. It grew very lonely and very sorry, and so very, very tired! But it had to go on.

After a long, long time, the gray dawn came in the sky, and the little white boat could see white foam of waves on the rocks, and hear the noise of breakers. That frightened it dreadfully. All boats are afraid of breakers and surf; they love the clear water. What should it do if the wind drove it to those rocks?

The little boat put out all its strength to turn round, to swing away from the surf. It was in vain. Nearer and nearer the wind and tide swept it along.

Now there was a streak of red in the sky where the great sun was ready to rise. The world grew lighter, and the little boat could see the dark rock looming up most plainly ahead of it. Oh, dear, oh, dear, how frightened it was!

“If I were safe at my float again,” it

thought, "I would not take another ride alone. I wish I had not come."

But it was no use to think. In another few minutes the big waves lifted the little white boat high up and set it on a side of the rock, just as if a giant had taken it in his hands. Then the wave went back, and the little white boat slid and scraped and fell back with it. It hurt, that horrid scrape along the pretty paint!

Another wave came, and carried the little boat in against the rocks again. This time it bumped so hard that the little boat cried out, in pain. It cried out as loud as it could and gave a groany, squeaky whimper as it slid back into the water.

Up on the rocks, behind the first ledge, a Fisherman was fixing his lobster traps. He had got up very early to go after lobsters, but the rough sea had kept him from going out. He heard the little boat's groany, squeaky cry.

"I wonder what that is?" he thought. "It sounds like a dory on the rocks."

He climbed up to look. He saw the little white boat, just being carried in on a high wave.

“Psho!” said the Fisherman. “That little craft will have a hole in her if she hits again.”

And, quick as a wink, he jumped down to the ledge, reached out just in time, and caught the little boat by the side, before it crashed into the rock. Then he held it steady while the wave sucked out, and on the next incoming wave he pulled the boat high and dry.

The little white boat was saved, and I can tell you it was glad to be alive.

But later in the morning, when the Fisherman had got it down to his float and tied it up there, it felt homesick. Where were the children and the Daddy, and its own dear pine grove?

Just at that minute there was a swish and a swash, and who should come proudly over the choppy sea but the big motor boat, “If”?

And in the "If" was — the Daddy of the children! Not the children, of course, in that sea, but the Daddy and the motor boat's owner were there.

Oh, how the little boat wished it had a voice to call with! It swung and danced, to attract their attention. But it did not need to do that. The "If" pointed her nose right in toward the float, and the Daddy looked down and said, "That's it! We have found the little rascal."

Then he saw the big scratch on the paint, and he said, "Lucky it was not smashed; you see it has been on the rocks."

The little white boat trembled with joy. While the two men talked with the Fisherman, and paid him for saving the boat, it made little gurgling noises of content and gratitude to the big "If."

Then Daddy tied the little white boat to the stern of the "If," and with a swish and a swash they rode home again. Over the waves, past the village, past the camps, past the yacht club, home to its own pine grove

and its own dear float. And there they tied it with a new rope that could not break.

The little white boat said to itself, "I am a very lucky little boat. I have got safe home from my adventure, and I will never go riding alone again."

XXIX

DAVID AND GOLIATH

A LONG time ago, there was a boy named David, who lived in a country far east of this. He was good to look upon, for he had fair hair and a ruddy skin. And he was very strong and brave and modest.

David was shepherd boy for his father, and all day, often at night, he was out in the fields, far from home, watching over the sheep. He had to guard them from wild animals, and lead them to the right pastures, and care for them.

By and by war broke out between the people of David's country and a people that lived near at hand. These people were called Philistines, and the people of David's country were named Israel.

All the strong men of Israel went up to the battle, to fight for their king. David's three older brothers went, but David was only a boy, so he was left behind to care for the sheep.

After the brothers had been gone some time, David's father longed very much to hear from them, and to know if they were safe.

So he sent for David, from the fields, and said to him, "Take now for thy brothers a measure of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp, where thy brothers are. Carry these ten cheeses to the captain of their thousand, and see how thy brothers fare, and bring me word again."

David rose early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took the corn and the loaves and the cheeses, as his father had commanded him, and went to the camp of Israel.

The camp was on a mountain. Israel stood on a mountain on the one side, and the Philistines stood on a mountain on the other side, and there was a valley between them.

David came to the place where the Israelites were, just as the host was going forth to the fight, shouting for the battle. So he

left his gifts in the hands of the keeper of the baggage, and ran into the army, amongst the soldiers, to find his brothers. When he found them, he saluted them and began to talk with them.

But while he was asking them the questions his father had commanded, there arose a great shouting and tumult among the Israelites, and men came running back from the front line of battle; everything became confusion.

David looked to see what the trouble was, and he saw a strange sight. On the hillside of the Philistines, a huge warrior was striding forward, calling out something in a taunting voice. He was a gigantic man, the largest man David had ever seen. And he was all dressed in armor that shone in the sun: he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. His spear was so tremendous that the staff of it was like a weaver's beam,

and his shield so great that a man went before him, to carry it.

“Who is that?” asked David.

“It is Goliath, of Gath, champion of the Philistines,” said the soldiers about. “Every day, for forty days, he has come forth, so, and challenged us to send a man against him, in single combat. And since no one dares to go out against him alone, the armies cannot fight.” (That was one of the laws of warfare in those times.)

“What!” said David, “does none dare go out against him?”

As he spoke, the giant stood still, on the hillside opposite the Israelitish host, and shouted his challenge, scornfully. He said:

“Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am I not a Philistine, and ye servants of Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me. If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us. I defy the

armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together!"

When King Saul heard these words, he was dismayed, and all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him and were sore afraid. David heard them talking among themselves, whispering and murmuring. They were saying, "Have ye seen this man that is come up? Surely if any one killeth him, that man will the king make rich; perhaps he will give him his daughter in marriage, and make his family free in Israel!"

David heard this, and he asked the men if it were so. It was surely so, they said.

"But," said David, "who is this Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" And he was stirred with anger.

Very soon, some of the officers told the king about the youth who was asking so many questions, and who said that a mere Philistine should not be allowed to defy the armies of the living God.

Immediately Saul sent for the youth.

When David came before Saul, he said to the king, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

But Saul looked at David, and said, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine, to fight with him, for thou art but a youth, and he has been a man of war from his youth."

Then David said to Saul: "Once I was keeping my father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock. And I went out after the lion, and struck him, and delivered the lamb out of his mouth. And when he arose against me, I caught him by the beard, and struck him, and slew him! Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this Philistine shall be as one of them, for he hath defied the armies of the living God. The Lord, who delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

“Go,” said Saul, “and the Lord be with thee!”

And he armed David with his own armor. He put a helmet of brass upon his head, and armed him with a coat of mail.

But when David girded his sword upon his armor, and tried to walk, he said to Saul, “I cannot go with these, for I am not used to them.” And he put them off.

Then he took his staff in his hand, and went and chose five smooth stones out of the brook; and put them in a shepherd’s bag which he had. And his sling was in his hand.

He went out and drew near to the Philistine.

The Philistine came on and drew near to David, and the man that bore his shield went before him.

Then when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he scorned him, for David was but a boy, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. He said to David, “Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with a



cudgel?" And with curses he cried out again, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field."

But David looked at him, and answered:

“Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, and the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thy head from thee, and I will give the bodies of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel! And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord’s, and he will give you into our hands.”

Then, when the Philistine arose, and came, and drew nigh to meet David, David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine. And when he was a little way from him, he put his hand in his bag, and took out a stone, and put it in his sling, and slung it. And it struck the Philistine in the forehead, so that the stone sank into his forehead! And he fell on his face to the earth.

And David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of its sheath, and slew him with it.

Then, when the Philistines saw that their champion was dead, they fled. But the army of Israel pursued them, and victory was with the men of Israel.

After the battle, David was taken to the King's tent, and made a captain over many men. And he went no more to his father's house, to herd the sheep, but became a man, in the King's service.

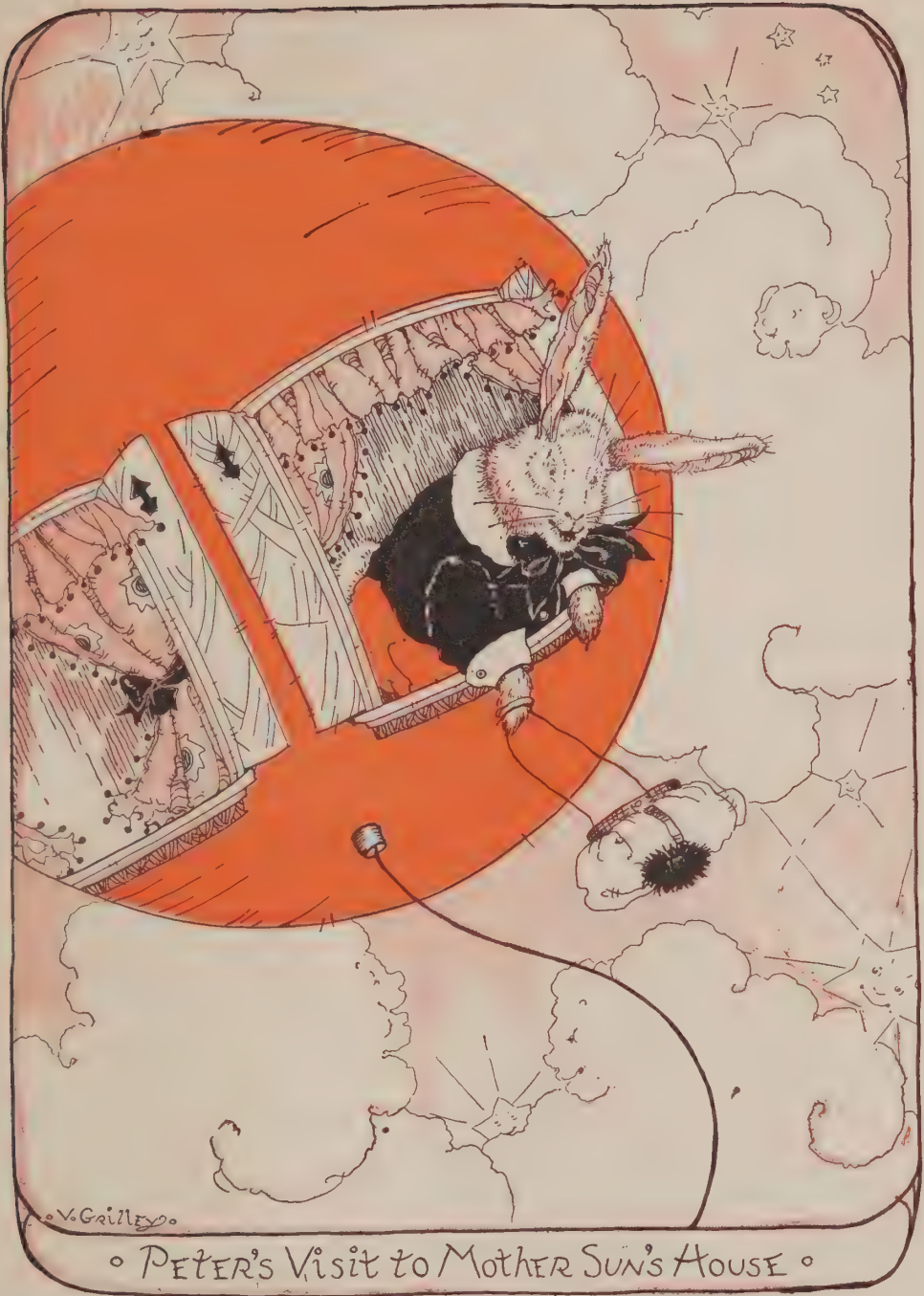
XXX

PETER'S VISIT TO MOTHER SUN'S HOUSE

ONCE when Peter was sound asleep in his bed, he dreamed. He was standing on the grassy hillside, among the bayberry bushes, looking off at the far island, when a little rosy balloon came floating toward him. It came softly on the wind till it was quite near, and Peter saw a little door on it. He knew it must be a magic balloon by that, because real balloons have no doors. So he stepped in.

As soon as he was inside, the little balloon grew large, large, like a great house. He saw that all its sides were windows, with cloudy curtains at the sides and rose-colored cushioned seats beneath. So of course he went and sat on one of the seats, and began to look out.

The big balloon was floating up and out, over the sea, up to the clouds. Fast it went as the wind, but softer than the softest



breeze. The little clouds waved to it, the little stars peeped at it, and the sea and land far below went flying by. And at last the balloon and Peter came to the edge of the

world, to the house where the great Mother Sun lives, with her children.

Mother Sun was sitting by her door, telling her children where they were to go that day. All the little sunbeam children were gathered round her, listening, ready to start on their journeys.

When Peter stepped out of the little door, a tiny sunbeam girlie ran up to him and said, "How nice that you came, Peter!" Her hair was yellower than buttercups, and curlier than a lamb's wool. Her eyes were blue as the sea, and her little white robe made flashes of light when she moved.

Peter said "Thank you," to her, and made his bow to Mother Sun.

Mother Sun smiled at him, and said he was just in time to hear what the sunbeam children were to do for their day's work. "But you must not play with them now," she said. "It is almost time for them to start."

So Peter stood very still and watched and listened.

First Mother Sun spoke to a tall, shining sunbeam boy: "Joy-of-Morning," she said, "speed to the ends of the earth, to the bleak mountain that rises from the forest. Search out the lost traveler who lies there worn out and afraid. Warm his numb hands, shine on the chill fog around him, pierce it till he sees the light on the ocean far away, and knows how to choose his path."

Joy-of-Morning lifted his bright head and waved his hand. In an instant he was gone.

"Comfort-of-Watchers," said Mother Sun.

A lovely sunbeam girl, strong and red-cheeked, with her robe bound up with flowers, leaned forward.

"Pass to the island in the midst of the sea," said Mother Sun. "In the poor fisherman's cottage a woman lies sick and helpless, waiting for the morning. Whisper through the windowpane that light is on the sea, day breaks, help is near. Pass in, and drive out the gray shadows from the room; touch her cheek and give the message that warmth and joy have come again."

Comfort-of-Watchers smiled sweetly, caught up her flowers, and with outstretched arms, was away.

“My Harvesters,” said Mother Sun.

Instantly a band of sunbeam boys stepped forward. Their hair shone like copper and gold. Wands were in their hands, like sheaves of wheat, but so bright that they blinded the eye.

“Hasten to the field of the old man upon the prairie, on the far side of the great hills,” said Mother Sun. “Work there all day. Leave not one spear of golden grain unripened when I call you home; touch all. Be swift, for your task is great.”

The shining band of harvesters raised their magic sheaves in one dash of light, and sped away.

After them Mother Sun sent band after band of her children to ripen the fruits on the trees, the berries in the fields, the fruits in the gardens. They went with a flash and a smile, till all the air around Peter seemed to be shining and smiling.

Then Mother Sun beckoned to two smaller sunbeam children, a dear little golden girl and boy.

“Run, Cheer and Delight,” she said; “find out the hidden spot in the dark woods where the little nest of birds wait for the mother bird that was shot yesterday. Pet them, warm them, make them strong to fly. Tell them to try, try, try! Do not leave till they are brave, for they must take care of themselves now.”

Little Cheer and Delight clapped their hands, and with arms round each other's necks darted away.

Then came the darling tiny sunbeam girlie who had smiled at Peter. “I am not too little; what for me, Mother?” she said.

Mother Sun put her hand on the curly hair. “None is too little to serve,” she said. “Your task is to go to the big gray city and find the little house that stands in the court behind all the grand ones. Slip in at the window under the eaves, and find the baby who lies in a crib, all alone while

his mother works. Play with him. Make him reach his hands to you, teach his eyes to follow you about the coverlid. Find the little piece of glass his mother has hung by the window, and shine through it so that the pretty colors go dancing over the room. Red, blue, orange, violet, and many more they must be. Keep the little one happy and quiet till your time to rest."

The little sunbeam girlie blew a kiss to her mother, another to Peter, and danced away.

Peter stared after her golden head, but it shone so that it hurt his eyes. He began to rub them — and suddenly he woke.

He was in his own room, and no rosy balloon was in sight.

But through the window a little flicker of golden sunlight was dancing on Peter's glass paper-weight, sending blue twinkles right in his eyes.

"Which one are you?" asked Peter. "I didn't hear her tell you to do that!" And then he laughed, for of course he knew it was only a dream.

XXXI

THE HIDDEN WEAPON

WHILE Gordon was getting back a store of good red blood to take home to school and play again, Dick was having a wonderful time with Gilbert. The two had become firm friends, even greater friends than before. A danger bravely faced together, a hard task fairly done together, and a happiness generously shared — these things build great friendships. Dick felt that he had a new and real friend in Gilbert, and Gilbert had never liked any younger boy so much as he liked Dick.

One very still, calm morning, very early indeed, Gilbert and Dick started off in the canoe, for a long day on the lakes. They went back to Lost Lake, the place where Gordon had cut his foot. It made Dick shiver, as they beached the canoe, to think of the little limp figure Gilbert had held in his arms the last time they were there.

But both he and Gilbert wanted to go back. There was something they wanted to do, something they wanted to find.

They found it. The water was wonderfully clear and still. All the least tiny wave patterns were as plain to see on the sand floor as they had been the day Gordon waded there. This time no little blue ripple of wind came blowing along to break up the mirror, and hide the patterned floor. At least, not until after Gilbert and Dick had come and gone.

So, after wading slowly back and forth, along the shore where Gordon had gone, looking at every foot of the bottom ahead at each step, at last they found what had cut Gordon. It lay quite plain on the bottom, only a little of it covered in the sand, a great jagged edge of it reaching up to wound and slash whatever might tread on it. It was a broken whiskey bottle.

Gilbert pulled it free from the sand, and held it up.

“I thought it likely,” he said grimly.

“Only folks that have had too much to drink would be foolish enough to throw broken glass on a bathing beach. There seems to be no place so far away but what some careless creature can reach it to spoil it.”

Dick looked at the jagged, razor-sharp piece of glass. “What a wicked, stupid thing to do!” he said, his lip quivering. “Every one knows that these lakes are play places for all the people who camp around. Every one knows people swim and wade where the sandy beaches are. Why in the world can’t they throw broken things in a heap and burn the heap?”

Gilbert was busily continuing his search. “While the water stays clear, let’s find the other pieces, if there are any,” he said.

So they explored the whole beach, out as far as Gilbert could wade. They found the neck of the bottle, finally, an even more dreadful hidden weapon to slash and injure some one.

Gilbert dug a hole in the woods and

buried both the jagged pieces of glass. Then he said soberly: "Well, the beach is safe again till the next crop of fools comes up. We never have this kind of trouble with the regular campers, they are all fine folks. But sometimes a party comes up from the city and sets up a tent for a day or two. We don't know they are here till one of our guides meets their guides at the store. They come just to get away where they won't be seen, so they can drink all they want to, and not have to act decent."

"That must be great fun," said Dick scornfully.

"Yes," said Gilbert, in the same tone. He looked around him at the beautiful still water, the dark, stately, evergreen trees, the gleaming beach. "But it does seem," he added slowly, "as if they might choose some other place than the woods for that kind of fun."

Dick felt just how much Gilbert loved the woods. Dick knew that he himself was learning to love the woods that way, too.

They were so beautiful, so quiet, so clean!
There was something holy in their beauty
and their stillness — something you felt that
you must respect, and protect.

XXXII

I WANT TO GO HOME

FATHER and Dick had to say good-bye to the camp before Gordon was well enough to travel. Father had to get back to business and Dick was going away to preparatory school in the South. So Mother and Gordon were alone at camp for ten days, while the maple trees turned yellow and red here and there at the edge of the woods, and the nights grew so crispy-cold that it seemed as if winter were coming. But no matter how cold the nights were the mornings were golden bright and the noontimes were sunnily warm.

Dr. Slattery was staying and there were some new people in the next cottage. Gilbert took splendid care of Gordon, as well as of Mother. Those were peaceful, happy days, getting strong again.

Then the days began to be a little lonely. Gordon shouted for joy the morning that

Mother told him they were to leave next day. He loved camp with all his heart. But he was thinking of Father and the pony! And of the school playground, full of boys and noise! And of Blackie, the old house cat. And very much he thought of Fanny, with her dark face and merry smile, who made cookies like nobody else's, and who always had bread and jam for a hungry boy when he came home from school.

Yes, it was good to go home!

Mother was singing softly, to herself, as she packed, so Gordon sang to himself, too. He tried making words to the tune of the bugle call which he had heard each morning. In the army, Gordon had heard, the bugle says:

“I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up,
I can't get 'em up, at all!”

But Gordon sang to himself:

“I want to go home,
I want to go home,
I want to go home, in the morning!”

I want to go home,

I want to go home,

I want to go home to stay.

The train will go a-rolling, a-chugging,
a-plugging,

The train will go a-flying, to carry us
home to-day!"

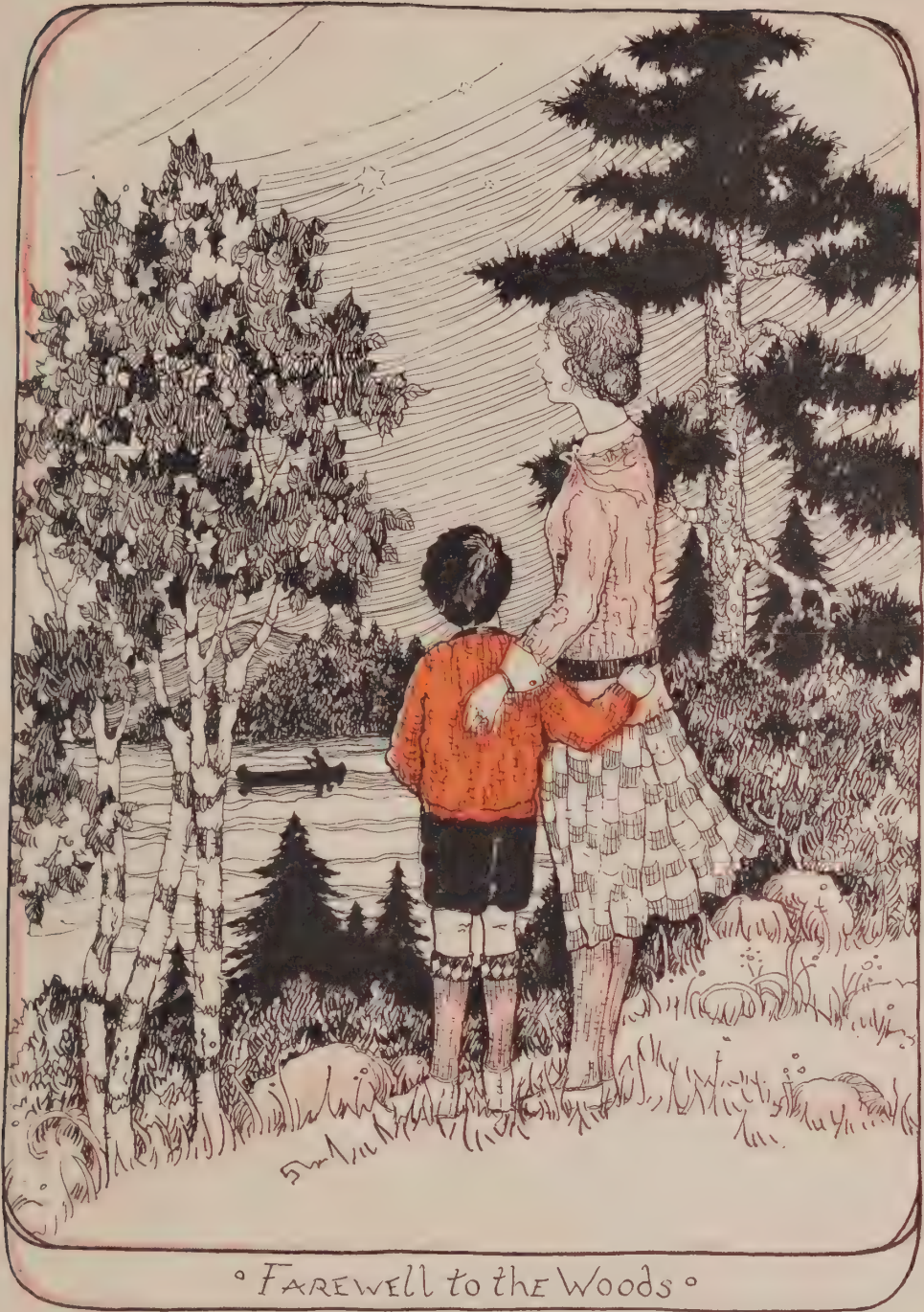
When dusk came, everything was packed. Supper was eaten. For the last time Gordon watched the flames in the great fireplace. Then, very soberly, he walked with Mother down the little toepath to their cabin.

- One great diamond star shone over the Red Pine tree. Cold and sweet the air tingled in Gordon's nostrils. A wee thread of a new moon curled low in the sky.

Mother and Gordon stood a moment, hand in hand, on their own little porch, looking out over the dark water where the diamond star shone again. Gordon's warm, small hand tightened around Mother's hand.

"I am so glad we came to the Great Woods, Mummy dear," he said.

"Why?" asked Mother.



° FAREWELL to the Woods °

“Because — many reasons,” said Gordon dreamily. “Gilbert, and the canoe, and all the fun. But most of all because it is so beautiful. It is beautiful, isn’t it, Mummy?”

Mummy drew him closer. "Beautiful, as God made it," she said. "We will come back, some day, to see it again."

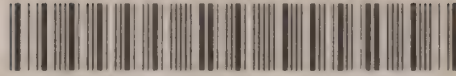
Gordon looked across the water to the line of hills, sleeping under the thread of a new moon. He raised his free hand in a sort of Indian salute.

"Good-night, woods," he said very softly.
"Good-night, and good-bye."

"Till we come again," said Mother.

Then they went in, and closed the door.

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